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WEARY.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I am tired, and weary, and weak,
Fate hath won, and careless I lie
In the shadows of all my desolate life,
As the lonely days slide by.

My books beside me lie unread,
No song can I set to rhyme;
And only a memory of Could Not Be,
Is all I shall hear thro' time.

Only a memory tender and sweet,
Of a woman grandly divine,
I would have given my life to win,
Could I have made her mine.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

PALE AND MOTIONLESS, Iris stood and listened. At first the signor's words fell upon her ear without conveying any meaning; but gradually she gathered that he was telling the story of her father's life in Italy, and with an aching heart she listened more intently.

To connect this Fioretta Corsini with herself did not occur to her. She was simply someone her father had known and loved—that was all. No foreboding such as had fallen upon Clarence Montacute had touched her—as yet. The awful moment had not yet come.

"I sought them everywhere," continued the signor, with a long sigh, "and at last I found them. It was months—a year and more—since they had fled. I found them living in a pretty little cottage on the hills——"

"Wait," said Mr. Barrington. "The name please, Signor Ricardo?"

"Certainly!" responded the signor. "I wish to conceal, to keep back nothing. The name of the village was Trivali."

Mr. Barrington wrote the name amongst his notes.

"And the date, please, signor?"

The signor pulled out a pocketbook and tore out a leaf.

"Here is the name and the date," he said, with perfect frankness. "Observe, gentlemen, that I wish to conceal nothing! No, I resolved that I would tell you everything! You know the English law better than I do, you are both men of honor and friends of my poor friend, Godfrey Knighton, and I trust you," and he stretched out his hands with a gesture of confidence.

"Pray proceed," said Mr. Barrington grimly.

"Well, I found them living there together, perfectly happy, away from the world, and all in all to each other. There was a little girl there, a little baby——"

Clarence started and took half a step towards the signor, then stopped and breathing hard, regarded him sternly.

—"A little baby girl," continued the signor, "a charming little thing, their daughter. They were so happy! They received me—me, Baptiste Ricardo,—with such frankness that the enmity died out of my heart, and I became the friend of the great, rich Englishmen."

He paused and looked furtively at the two men, for Mr. Barrington had exchanged glances with Lord Clarence;

"Yes, it is true. I see what you think—and it is true. I was not rich, and Godfrey Knighton was generous enough to help me. Bah! I said I would conceal nothing, and I will not! He gave me of the gold which Heaven has blessed him with and deprived me of. Well, gentlemen, all went as happy as a lizard in the sun, until one day the signorina caught cold. She was not strong,—ah, no!—she caught cold, and—" he shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated with his white hands,—"and she died!"

There was a moment's silence.

"It was a dreadful, a cruel blow! For a time I thought Godfrey Knighton would go mad! I nursed him, gentlemen, through his illness; I and the signorina's sister, who lived with them, and who was a second mother to the little child; and, gentlemen, now comes the point of my story! It was during the illness of Godfrey Knighton that I, Baptiste Ricardo, discovered from his ravings that he and the signorina *were not married*!"

Clarence Montacute started.

"It is a lie! An infamous lie!" he exclaimed indignantly.

The signor sprang to his feet, white with passion, but Mr. Barrington held up his hand.

"One moment," he said sternly. "Lord Montacute, I beg that you will remain silent! Signor Ricardo, do I understand you to state that this lady, Fioretta Corsini, the mother of this little girl, was not Mr. Godfrey Knighton's lawful wife?"

"Certes, that is what I state!" responded Ricardo, glowering darkly at Clarence; then he forced a smile, a sinister smile. "After all his lordship's indignation was not unnatural. It is the first time he has ever heard of an Englishman committing such baseness; of course, yes!"

Clarence flushed, but he was too agitated on Iris's account to retaliate, or even resent the sneer.

"You state this as a fact, Signor Ricardo?" said Mr. Barrington; and do you wish us to infer that the child was——" he paused,—it seemed sacrilege to mention her name,—"was Miss Iris Knighton?"

"She and no other!" replied the signor emphatically.

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Lord Clarence again.

Mr. Barrington motioned him to be silent.

"Let us understand each other, if you please, Signor Ricardo!" he said gravely. "You, whatever your ignorance of the English law may be, must be aware that this statement is of great and terrible importance to Miss Knighton—to my client!"

"Yes, I fear so!" said the signor.

"And you persist—you still repeat that it is your conviction that Mr. Knighton and the Signorina Corsini, the mother of Miss Knighton, were not married?"

"I do!" said Ricardo.

Slowly, surely the significance of his words forced themselves upon the mind of the girl behind the curtain. She uttered no cry, scarcely moved; but one hand went to her heart, and the other to her brow, and so she stood, in an agony unspeakable, indescribable.

She was a Knighton; the Knighton blood ran in her veins; she had all the Knighton pride, and she had to realise that she was nameless, the daughter of an undying, ineradicable shame. What pen can describe the horror that fell upon her? It can only be imagined, and that how faintly!

As she stood leaning against the wall white, almost breathless, the door opened softly, and Felice entered. She hurried towards Iris with quick and sharp alarm, but Iris held up her hand to silence her and motioned towards the curtain. The two women stood and listened.

Lord Clarence's voice broke upon them.

"I repeat this is an infamous and—and stupid lie!" he said with contemptuous anger. "Mr. Barrington, I think we have listened long enough to this—this man's foolish story. I—I thought him a scoundrel the first time I saw him——"

Ricardo rose threateningly, then shrugged his shoulders and sank into his seat again.

"I forgive his lordship's language in consideration of the circumstances," he said with a sinister smile. "What do you say, Mr. Barrington? Do you think my story so foolish and so false?"

Mr. Barrington looked at him sternly.

"I decline to give an opinion," he said; "I may think it false or true! How do you account for Mr. Knighton acknowledging Miss Iris as his daughter, and presenting her to the world as such?"

Ricardo waved his hand.

"Tut!" he said. "That is easy enough to explain. You sir are sensible and reasonable. I answer you willingly; to his lordship there I deign no reply. Ask me first why Godfrey Knighton did not marry the signorina."

Mr. Barrington nodded.

—"Because he was proud. Look you, he was an Englishman, great and noble by birth. He would not lower his name by giving it to an opera singer. You understand! Why did he not put the child away from him? Because, though he was so great and mighty, he was not inhuman. He loved her—kept her with him until it was too late to put her away and disown her. Then there was another thing. Yes! If he had no child, the property would go to one he hated—a Coverdale! He would do much to prevent that, and it was so easy to acknowledge this girl as his lawful daughter! So you see, it is easily explained, is it not?" and he flicked his fingers triumphantly.

Clarence groaned and moved impatiently.

"Send this man away, sir, for Heaven's sake!" he said. "I can listen no longer to this tissue of lies!"

Mr. Barrington held up his hand once more.

"Signor Ricardo, your story is so plausible a one; but I will now give you the opinion of it you asked for: I think it is utterly false!"

"Good!" said Ricardo resignedly; "nobody will be better pleased than Baptiste Ricardo if he should prove to be wrong. Peste! have I not seen and admired the beautiful young creature? Am I not an old friend of her father's—her mother's? Why should I seek to do her harm? Saints and angels, no! "But,"—he gave a quick look at the lawyer's impassive face—"it is easy to prove the truth. Surely Mr. Barrington has discovered the marriage certificate amongst Godfrey Knighton's papers?"

Mr. Barrington's face grew red for a moment. He had been thinking of the certificate.

"He has not found it?" said Ricardo smoothly.

"I have not found it?" admitted the lawyer grimly.

"Good. Then he has heard of his old friend and client talk of his marriage; often, no doubt?"

Clarence looked appealingly at the old lawyer.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"Mr. Knighton was not one to talk of the past," he said gravely.

"Good! He has not heard him even speak of his 'wife'? No? No certificate, no mention of the marriage. Why does, then, Mr. Barrington think I—I, Baptiste Ricardo, the soul of honor!—lie? What does he think I have to gain?" and he extended his hands in indignant appeal.

Mr. Barrington was silent.

"It is not for me guess at your motive Signor Ricardo," he said at last coldly.

"Good!" retorted Ricardo. Then he drew his chair a little nearer the table. "And now you have heard my story, what will you do?"

There was silence.

Clarence listened, spell-bound by the man's voice and face, as a bird is fascinated by a serpent.

"I will tell you!" said Ricardo lowering his voice. "Just go on as if I had not told my little romance. You think it is false; act accordingly. Let Miss Iris take all this beautiful place, and all this heap of gold and miles of land, and—ask no questions."

He stopped and watched the lawyer's face keenly.

There was silence.

"This Lord Heron, this Lord Coverdale, who would come into the money and the lands, and all, why should he know anything about it, eh? Why should he be told! We keep our lips closed, and who is the wiser? Bah! Nobody!" and he twirled his mustache. "As for Baptiste Ricardo, he is an honest man, and he has a tender heart, and rather than turn his old friend's daughter an outcast into the streets, he would cut off his hand. His lordship here, who has given me such hard words, he will not speak, for he loves Miss Iris—is it not so?"

Clarence turned his head away.

—"And you—why you are a man of law, and men of the law are proverbially silent. Come my friends," he said, insinuatingly, "let us say no more about this matter, this romance of Italy! Let the beautiful Miss Iris take her money and her lands, and all will go as merry as a marriage bell!"

Mr. Barrington rose stern and pale.

"Silence!" he said. "This story of yours, true or infamously false,—and I believe it to be the latter,—must be inquired into. My lord—" and he turned to Clarence—"you know how true a friend I was of my late client's; you know that, as this man says, I would rather cut off my hand than injure his daughter, but—" the old lawyer's voice shook—"I have another client, I have Lord Coverdale to consider! I wish to Heaven I had not! But I must do my duty. I am an honest man, my lord. I trust, in all humility, that I have lived a long life without reproach. I have my honor to think of, and in honor I am *bound* to consider Lord Coverdale!"

Clarence passed his hand across his brow. The signor watched the two men as a cat might watch a pair of mice, a sinister smile in his eyes.

"If—" continued the old lawyer—"if this man's story is true, then Lord Coverdale is heir to Knighton and Beverly, and every penny of Godfrey Knighton's;—*that is if no will can be found*, and I fear it cannot!"

The signor shook his head sadly.

"What—*what* am I to do?" exclaimed Mr. Barrington, in deep agitation. "One thing is clear. I must discover the truth or falseness of this man's statement. I will send—go—to Italy, to this place——"

The signor interrupted him softly.

"Pardon me," he said, with a bland smile; "you can ascertain the truth much more easily than taking so long and tiresome a journey."

Mr. Barrington turned to him with a frown.

"How?" he demanded.

The signor wagged his forefinger impressively.

"If, gentlemen, you have paid close attention to my poor story, you will remember that I spoke of the signorina's sister, who lived with them, and who was as a second mother to the child, Miss Iris. Do you remember her?"

"Yes—well!" said Mr. Barrington sternly.

"Well, gentlemen, the—the woman is in this house at the present moment. Her name is Felice!"

Mr. Barrington frowned to hide the start this announcement caused him.

"Felice," continued the signor suavely. she knows the truth. Send for her and ask her if Godfrey Knighton and Miss Iris' mother were married, and if so, by whom, and—where. Send for her."

"No!" exclaimed Clarence passionately; "Miss Iris shall not be subjected to such an outrage! What, ask a servant such a question?"

"Servant, yes, but her mother's sister!" murmured the signor smoothly.

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Clarence.

The signor shrugged his shoulders.

"His lordship has all the obstinacy of the English," he said resignedly. "You will not send for her?—then I will! I have borne much at his lordship's hand, my patience is exhausted. I, Baptiste, have been called a liar! Good! I will prove that I have spoken the truth, and then—" he glanced darkly at Clarence—"his lordship and I will settle matters."

He glided towards the bell, but Mr. Barrington caught his arm.

"Wait!" he said; "I—I must have time to consider. I will not have the woman sent for."

The signor sank back into his seat and shrugged his shoulders.

"Good!" he said. "Then it shall be as I suggest. We will say no more about this little romance. We will hush it up. Eh? is it not so? Miss Iris shall take the gold and lands, and my Lord Coverdale shall remain a pauper as before. Is that not so?"

There was silence; an awful silence, then before Mr. Barrington could speak the words upon his lips, the curtains were drawn aside, there stood Iris, as white as death, her dark, beautiful eyes glowing with anguish and agony. Beside her, and held by the arm in the tight, steel-like grasp of Iris's hand was Felice.

The apparition, for it seemed nothing less, struck the three men with dismay.

Mr. Barrington sank back in his chair; the signor half rose, and then fell back with an imprecation; Clarence, after a second of stupor, rushed forward; but Iris' eyes, rather than any motion she made, rooted him to the spot.

The signor was first to recover his power of speech.

"Peste!" he exclaimed in a low voice, "she has heard all."

"Miss Knighton—Miss Iris, I implore you—" began Clarence, but she silenced him with a glance.

Like a ghost she opened her lips, and the words came slowly, distinctly.

"Felice is here! Ask her!"

Ricardo's lips opened, and his teeth gleamed, but Mr. Barrington started to his feet.

"No, no, Miss Iris; I beg—I beseech you! This story is false,—utterly false!"

"Ask her!" came the words again, and the beautiful girl looked terrible in the loveliness of her despair.

"Tut!" exclaimed Ricardo; "she is right! She has heard all! It is useless to conceal anything! Let the truth be known! Shall I ask her, gentleman?"

Mr. Barrington made a gesture of despairing assent.

Clarence could neither speak or move; he could only gaze with terror and pity on the beautiful girl who stood like a thing of stone in the doorway.

"I will ask her," said the signor. "Signora, your name is Corsini, is that not so?"

The woman stood perfectly immoveable, her face white and set, her eyes hidden.

They waited. But not a sound came from her lips.

"Answer!" said Iris, and her voice sounded as if it came from a distance, through a mist.

"I is," was the response.

The signor glanced triumphantly at the other two men.

"Signora Corsini, you have heard the story I felt compelled to tell these gentlemen; you can comprehend how much depends upon it? Tell the truth and shame the evil one! Is this young lady the daughter of Floretta Corsini or not?"

Silence profound.

"Answer!" came Iris' voice again.

"She is," dropped like ice from the set lips.

Again the signor shot a malicious glance from his black eyes.

"Good! Now then: Were Mr. Godfrey Knighton and this Floretta Corsini man and wife, or—not?"

The silence that fell was like that of death. The perspiration stood in large drops on Clarence's face, and the old lawyer actually trembled.

"Remember!" said the signor, shaking his forefinger. "Remember how much depends on your answer. Felice, if it should be found that this adorable young lady is not Mr. Knighton's lawful daughter, then she loses all her wealth, and is—bah!—a beggar!—a pauper! Reflect, and speak truly."

Felice stood with downcast eyes and set teeth.

"Answer!" came Iris' voice again.

"They were not!" said Felice hoarsely.

The signor opened his lips and flashed his gleaming teeth upon the two men.

"Soh!" he said. "Who lies now?"

Mr. Barrington moved towards the two women.

"Is what you say the truth—*the truth?*" he demanded almost inaudibly.

"It is the truth!" said the woman doggedly.

Iris staggered and flung her hands before her eyes, and Clarence rushed forward, but with a gesture Iris put him back, and with uncertain, faltering steps moved back and the curtain fell.

Felice made a movement as if to follow her, then stopped, and the dividing curtain left her in the library with the others before she was aware of it.

"You—you say that this is true!" demanded Mr. Barrington scarcely above his breath. "You know that this will ruin—ruin—your mistress!"

"I know it!" she said evasively.

"It is a lie! I say it still!" exclaimed Clarence. "This woman is an accomplice of this man's! They are both in league together!"

Felice shot a reproachful glance from her dark eyes.

"It is an evidently obvious plot!" he continued. "I say send for the police! Yes, send for the police! Who is this man, and where does he come from? It is a plot, a conspiracy. Let me go to Miss Iris!" and he turned towards the door.

As he did so, and before he could reach it, someone knocked, the door opened, and a thick-set man with a keen, shrewd face entered.

There was a momentary confusion, and covered by it the signor rose softly and stepped behind the curtains, but before he could reach the door, Felice quickly looked and stepped between him and it.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the man. "But, I wish to see Mr. Barrington."

"My name is Barrington," said the lawyer hurridly. "But I am engaged—I cannot see you now."

"I beg you'll excuse me, sir," said the man, respectfully but firmly. "My name is Grimford; you have heard of it, I dare say——"

"The detective?" said Mr. Barrington. "I cannot attend to you. I am seriously engaged."

The man bowed.

"I am very sorry, sir; I shall not keep you a minute. I have a warrant for a man I want——"

"I cannot attend to you!" repeated Mr. Barrington.

"And I am informed that he is in this house!" said the detective gently but firmly. "He is a slippery customer, and I am anxious to get him. If you will give me permission to make a search——"

"There is no one here!"

"I think he is here, sir!" said the detective persistently. "He was traced here an hour ago by one of the local police——"

"He is not here!" said Mr. Barrington impatiently. "Go, if you please; I am engaged!"

The detective bowed respectfully, and turned to the door.

But at that moment Felice glided out.

"Stop!" she said.

The man pulled up and faced her.

"The man you want is here!" she said between her teeth. "He is in there," and she pointed to the inner room.

The detective sprang at the curtains like a hound unleashed. There was the sound of a struggle, and then in a moment or two the detective appeared, dragging the signor after him.

Mr. Barrington and Clarence stared in amazement.

"This is my man, gentlemen," said the detective quietly, but flushed and hot with the struggle.

"Signor Ricardo!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington.

The detective smiled.

"That's one of his names, I daresay, sir. Yes, he's our man. Forgery and embezzlement is the charge, Mr. Barrington. I felt sure that he was here, for one of my men tracked him an hour ago."

The signor glared round, his face white, all his teeth showing.

The detective had been none too gentle; the signor's collar was hanging in a dilapidated fashion from his neck.

"Forgery and embezzlement!" said Mr. Barrington.

"Yes, sir, forgery of Italian bank-notes. They wired to us from the other side. But we shouldn't have caught him so easily but for information we got from a lady in this house—a Mrs. Felice—she put me on the scent."

The signor turned his glaring eyes and gleaming teeth in the direction of Felice, who stood with pale, set face and downcast eyes, as if she had no part or lot in the proceedings.

"Soh!" he hissed. "It was you, was it? It was you who set the bloodhounds on my track!"

"Yes," she said, and a single glance of hatred and revenge gleamed in her black eyes. "It was I!"

"Good!" he hissed. "I will remember! Tit for tat, eh? You can send me to gaol, Felice, but you can't put your dainty young mistress back in the place I have thrust her from, eh?"

Felice's face remained set and impassive.

"Take him away," said Mr. Barrington.

"Come along, Mr. Ricardo," said the detective. "I expect this is not the only thing you are wanted for!"

Signor Ricardo looked round with a malicious smile.

"Wait!" he hissed. "Wait and see! Baptiste Ricardo will win the game yet!"

And with this enigmatical threat he was dragged off.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE shadow that had darkened Iris' life had taken unto itself shape, and its form and name was—Shame!

She who had regarded herself as a Knighton, as one of the proud race which stood first and foremost in the country, was a nameless orphan, against whom the world was free to point the finger of scorn;—that world which had hitherto bestowed its homage upon her and, so to speak, knelt at her feet!

Some girls would have given away to tears and hysterics; Iris shed no tear, uttered no complaint.

Slowly, and like one moving in a dream, she went up to their room. As she passed through the hall, she looked up at the long line of family portraits.

How often she had stood and gazed at them and gone over in her mind the history of the past, in which so many of them had taken a great and noble part; how often her heart had throbbed with the thought that she was one of them, a Knighton of Knighton and Beverly.

It seemed to her now, that the faces were mocking and gibing at her as an impostor and usurper, and that one and all cried out:

"You are none of us,—you have no part nor lot with us; begone!"

When she reached her room—the very luxuriance of which seemed to upbraid her—she sank on to a chair, and covering her face with her hands, strove to realize the awful blow which had befallen her.

She did not doubt the truth of Ricardo's statement; she knew that Felice would have been only too glad to give the lie.

No, it was true! She was the daughter of shame and reproach, without name or abiding place; a thing for the world to scoff, condemn: in a word—an outcast!

This beautiful place, this Knighton with its fine acres and farms and woods, it was hers no longer.

Whose was it?

As the question rose to her mind, a crimson glow poured all over her face.

Mr. Barrington said that if the will could not be found, all—everything, house, and lands, and money;—would go to Heron Coverdale!

Heron Coverdale!—the man whose life she had saved, the man whom she had met and spoken with, and whose face and voice still haunted her!

It was his now, and he would be master here. He would know that the girl he had spoken with, was herself,—know the story of her shame!

Strange as it may seem, this was the hardest thought of all! That he, who had treated her with respect and reverence, should know that she was without a name, and under a cloud of shame, was almost unendurable!

What would he say—think! He was lord of Knighton now, and he would perhaps want to offer her money,—this thought stung her like the cut of a whip, and she sprang to her feet and fell to pacing the room wringing her hands.

The door opened, and Felice entered the room.

She stood looking at the beautiful girl in her agony for a moment in silence, then she stretched out her hands humbly and pleadingly.

"Forgive me, Miss Iris!" she murmured.

Iris turned and confronted her with a wild gaze.

"Is it you? Forgive you! For what? What wrong have you done me? You were forced to speak the truth! it was time. I have been a living lie too long,—too long! But—" and her hands worked together—"why did you not tell me before, why was I kept in ignorance? Oh, Heaven, if I could only die!"

Felice's lips quivered.

"You would never have known but for that man!" she said in a quick, panting way. "I had sworn not to tell you. If my master had left a will, as he said he would, all would have been well! Where is the will?"

"Will! will! What does it matter? Would it have given me back my name, my honor my place in the world? No; my father—" she winced and trembled at the word—"he was right! Why should I who have no name, take this house and the place where an honorable race have lived for centuries? No, he was right,—right, right! I am a nameless outcast."

Iris fell to pacing to and fro again for a few minutes, then stopped.

"Where is this man Ricardo? Bring him to me! I want to know everything, everything!"

Felice's eyes shot fire and her teeth clicked.

"Ricardo!" she said with a kind of hiss in her voice. "He will not trouble you for some years to come, signorina! He is in the hands of the police! It was I who gave them the information. I warned him! He will not trouble you, Miss Iris. Oh, be calm, and—and don't break my heart!" and she threw herself on her knees at Iris' feet.

Iris looked down at her with a dull frown.

"My heart is broken already!" she said in a cold voice. "Broken, broken!" and she trembled from head to foot.

There came a knock at the door, and Felice, opening it, saw Mr. Barrington.

"I want to speak to your mistress," he said, and went in.

Iris stopped in her frenzied walk and looked at him enquiringly.

"My dear young lady," he said, and his voice was grave and solemn; "I have ventured to intrude upon you because I feel that not a moment should be lost. Are you well enough—able—to listen to me?"

Iris made a gesture with her hand, and Felice stole from the room.

"Miss Knighton—" began the lawyer, but Iris stopped him with a gesture.

"I am not Miss Knighton!" she said. "You forget! I have no right to that name at all!"

"Pardon me!" he said quickly. "You have every right to it as far as is proved at present. You are Godfrey Knighton's daughter and heiress, as far as we know. We have only the word of a suspected criminal—who is in the hands of the police,—and Felice, who may be his confederate to the contrary."

Iris sank into a chair, and sat with clasped hands and bowed head.

"No," she said in a low voice; "Felice is not a confederate. She spoke the truth. I can trust and believe her."

"You may, but the law will not," said Mr. Barrington. "I implore, I beseech you, my dear young lady, not to give away to despair! That there is some mystery respecting your birth, I admit; but I say that, until the worse is proved, the best hold's good, and until Lord Coverdale has proved that—that you are not entitled to consider yourself the lawful daughter of your father you have no right—no one has any right—to throw any doubt on the fact!"

Iris shuddered.

"Felice!" she said. "Felice has said so! She would have died rather than admit it, but I forced her. Oh, it is true,—true,—true!"

"I say nothing is true until it is proved," he said, solemnly. "And I want you to wait and—and keep up your heart until I have made enquiries into this strange story. This man, Ricardo, has been arrested on a criminal charge. What reliance can be placed on his account of the affair? As your legal adviser, I say I have every right to treat this story with contempt.

Iris raised her pale face and looked at him.

"Why have you not found the marriage

certificate?" she said, in a hollow voice. "Why did my father never mention my mother to me? Her name never passed his lips! Why did he turn pale and tremble when this man Ricardo came here, and why did he not want me to listen to him? And Felice! She is my mother's sister! And she says that—that what this man told you was true!"

Mr. Barrington's eyes fell.

"At least," he said, "will you not wait until I make inquiries before deciding that this story is true? Remember how much depends upon it. If there had been a will——"

Iris rose and confronted him, white and statuesque.

"If there had been a will, and I had been left [mistress] here, and I had known of—of this, do you think I would have touched a penny, claimed an acre? No! This belongs not to a nameless girl, born in shame; but to the rightful owner! I would not have touched a penny of it!"

Mr. Barrington bit his lip.

"You may be right or wrong. I understand and honor your feelings, Miss Knighton," he said; "and I will say no more. I only ask that you will do nothing until I make inquiries into the truth of this story. Will you promise me that?"

"I will promise nothing," she said; almost wildly. "I cannot tell what I shall do! My brain is in a whirl! My heart seems broken!"

Lawyer as he was, Mr. Barrington was at a loss for words. It was terrible too see the effect the blow had had on the proud and beautiful girl.

"Miss Knighton," he said brokenly, "I was your father's legal adviser, and I am proud to be able to add, friend. I do hope that you will trust me, and that you will do nothing without honoring me by consulting me.

Iris shook her head.

"I cannot say what I shall do," she said despairfully; "I am alone in this world, homeless, nameless——"

"No!" he said solemnly. "As yet nothing has been proved."

"To me, all seems proved," she said, bitterly.

"But not to me! It is my duty to discredit everything to your disadvantage, Miss Knighton, and I shall set about to prove that this man's story is false."

If he had stayed for an hour there was no more to be said, and he went quietly out.

As he did so Clarence Montacute passed in.

He came in so quietly that Iris did not hear him, and, thinking herself alone, had thrown herself upon the couch, her head buried in the cushion, and when he approached her, and gently spoke her name, she started and exclaimed:

"You, Lord Montacute?"

"Yes, it is I!" said Clarence. "Forgive me, Miss Iris, but I felt that I must come!"

She sat with her white face averted from him; her hands clasped in her lap.

"Why have you come?" she asked in a hard, manner. "I should have thought that all honorable men—and women too—would have shunned me now."

Poor Clarence's face crimsoned, and his heart throbbed.

"Oh, how little you know me!" he said eagerly, sadly. "*I* shun you! Miss Iris, if you knew! But I didn't come to speak of myself. I came to ask you to come home with me to my mother."

He stopped, for Iris had turned her eyes upon him with a look of despair and bitterness.

"To your mother?" she repeated. "Do you think Lady Montacute would permit me, knowing who and what I am, to cross her threshold?"

His face grew pale.

"I think, and know my mother too well to feel sure that she would feel honored by you as a guest," he said; then he went on in a tone of deep feeling, which not even his slurred "r's" and thick "w's" could detract.

"Oh, Miss Iris, you know that I don't believe in this stupid story! You know that I wouldn't believe it even if it came with proof, hard to disprove, but this only came from a vile scoundrel. But if it were proved to be true, do you think it would make any difference to me in my feelings towards you, but I think I must speak and tell you. Miss Iris, you know that I have loved you, that I love you most dearly and truly——"

Iris made a gesture as if to silence him, but he went on,—

"Only a few days before your father—who was my friend, and whom I loved—before he died, I came to him and told him that I loved you, and begged hard that he would let me try and win you. And—and though he asked me to wait, he said there was no one to whom he would more willingly give you than to me! Miss Iris, what I felt then I feel now—yes, and ten times more deeply and strongly. I love you!"

Iris rose, pale and trembling, her hand, grasping the back of the couch.

"You—you say this, knowing all?" she breathed amazedly.

"I say this, knowing all that this man has said," he returned, with a fervent look, "and I would not have said it now but for what he has said. I would have waited, as I have waited. But I come now and tell you that I love you—I ask you to be my wife to prove to you that I believe nothing of this scoundrel's story; that I still think you the honored daughter of my dear old friend!"

Iris trembled like a leaf.

"And—and—suppose, instead of this man's story being false, it should prove to be true?" she murmured brokenly.

Clarence's face flushed.

"Even if it should be true, it would make no difference to me," he said boldly and simply. "I love you—you, Miss Iris, and it is you I would marry! Why—" he went on impetuously—"I remember your father asking me that question—asking me if it wasn't Miss Knighton of the Revels I wanted to marry, and I told him that if you were plain Miss Smith or Miss Brown, I should love you as truly and just as deeply!"

Iris covered her eyes with her dainty little hands.

His simple words went straight to her heart, and, for the first time, the tears welled to her hot, burning eyes; then she started as if he had struck her.

"He asked you that!" she said swiftly. "He asked you—oh, don't you see—" and her voice rose in a wail of despair—"don't you see why he would not consent?—why he put you off?—and why he asked you that question? Oh, Heaven it is true, true, true!" and she flung herself on the couch.

Clarence turned pale. He had not seen the significance of the squire's question until this moment.

"Miss Iris," he said brokenly; "even if it be true, I say what I have said! I love you—be my wife!"

Iris raised her head.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Be your wife! Do you think I would take advantage of your love for me to drag you down in the gutter to which I have fallen—from which I sprang? I, a nameless girl, born in shame and dishonor, the wife of the Earl of Montacute! Oh, how little you know me! What do you think your mother, the world, would say if I consented to let you make such a sacrifice? What would my own heart and conscience say? Oh, Lord Montacute, I know how good, and true, and noble you are, but I would rather die than do this! But—but—" her voice broke, and the tears came slowly in great drops that rolled down her white face—"I thank you! I am grateful! Believe that—I am grateful! I—I shall never forget the words you have spoken, the—the offer you have made! Never, no never!"

"Accept my offer!" he said imploringly, eagerly. "Don't—don't send me away, Iris. For the sake of old times, for the sake of the old friendship between us, don't send me away. Oh, if you knew how madly I love you! Why, I have thought of no one but you ever since I was a boy. Every day and every night I have looked on you as my future wife. My mother knows what my hope has been, your father knew, and you—you cannot fail to have seen it! Don't send me away, Iris! The world!—what do I care what it says? You are my world!"

In his imploring earnestness he sank on his knee beside the couch and caught her hand.

Iris looked down at his pale face and ardent eyes with a sad shadow in her own, and slowly drew her white hand from his grasp.

"I must send you away," she said almost inaudibly. "This—this trouble that has come upon me, no one can help me to bear it,—I must bear it alone!"

"Let me share it with you, Iris," he entreated. "See, now! If you will be my wife, nothing matters; the Revels can go,—we shall not want it,—and for the rest, you will be the Countess of Montacute——"

"No, no!" she broke in sadly, and despairfully. "You do not know what it is you ask!"

"Iris, do not be cruel to me," he pleaded.

"Cruel? I am kinder to you than you are to yourself!" she said, the tears trickling down her face. "I cannot, will not accept the sacrifice you offer!"

Clarence's face turned white.

"Tell me," he said. "Is it because you do not love me, Iris?"

Her face flushed, but she met his gaze steadily.

"I cannot lie to you," she said in a low voice. "I do not love you!"

He winced and his lips quivered.

"But—but you might in time, Iris!" he pleaded. "I can and will wait!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" she said in a voice of infinite trouble. "You do not know what it is you are offering! You are offering to dishonor your name, you are offering to place your coronet on the brow of one who is not fit to share the name of one of the lowest laborers on your estate! No! I can bear no more!" and it seemed indeed as if her powers of endurance were completely exhausted.

"I—I will say no more now," he said in a low voice. "I will wait. I will not take your refusal as final. To-morrow—some future time—" he stammered and paused, but blurted out, "Iris, to-day, to-morrow, next week, all my life, it will be the same with me. I shall love you and you only, and I shall never marry any other woman—never! Remember, whatever happens, that I am still waiting for you to accept my offer, that I am still your friend! You cannot refuse to let me remain that! Remember!"

And with that he left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD-TIME LOVE LETTERS.—In an old book, dated 1620, there is the following very curious love epistle. It affords an admirable play upon words:—

"MADAME,—Most worthy of admiration! After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandisation beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours, "SANS DISSIMULATION."

The following is the still more curious answer:—

"SIR,—I perused your oration with much deliberation at the great infatuation of your imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now, without disputation, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and, thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation, yours,

"MARY MODERATION."

THE SAINTS.—St. Joseph, spouse of the Virgin Mary, is the patron of the universal church.

St. Pancras is the patron of childhood.

St. Aloysius is the patron of youth, purity and students.

St. Agnes is the patron of maidens.

St. Monica is the patron of matrons.

St. Maxima is the patron of virgins and wives.

St. Vincent de Paul is the patron of charities.

St. Camillus is the patron of hospitals.

St. Sabine is invoked against gout and rheumatism.

St. Apollonia is invoked against toothache.

St. Benedict Joseph is invoked against lightning.

St. Roch is invoked against contagious diseases.

St. Barbara is invoked for the last sacraments.

St. Blase prevents and cures sore throats.

St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers.

St. Hubert is the patron of the hunters.

St. Thomas Aquinas is the patron of the schools.

WHISTLE SIGNALS.—Valuable information for stopping a train: The following whistle signals, taken from the "Standard Code," are in use on a majority of American railroads. Explanation: O means short quick sound;— means long sound:

Apply brakes, stop, O.
Release brakes, start, OO.
Back, OOO.
Highway crossing signal, ——O, or OO.
Approaching stations, —blast lasting five seconds.
Call for switchman, OOOO.
Cattle on track, ————.
Train has parted, —O.
For fuel, OOOOO.
Bridge or tunnel warning, OO—.
Fire alarm,—OOOO.
Will take side-track,———.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SHEEP STEALER.—A man stole a sheep in Mitcham, in Surrey, England, one day in November, 1762. He tied its hind legs together and put them over his forehead to carry it away. In getting over the gate, however, the sheep, it is thought, struggled, and by a sudden spring slipped his feet down to his throat. For in the morning they were found, the sheep hanging on one side of the gate and the man dead on the other.

MARCH.—To March, more than any other month, we must look for indications of what the coming harvest will be. Dry weather foretell good things. You will not need to be reminded of the well-known old saying that "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," or, as it is in another version, giving a much larger measure, "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." Which is right, peck or bushel? Another old jingle says: "A March without water, dowers the hind's daughter."

RINGS.—Tradition tells us that the first of these mystic circles was invented by Prometheus and forged by Tubal Cain. An Arabian legend relates how King Solomon possessed a magic ring that he once upon a time dropped inadvertently into the sea, whereupon his wisdom immediately abated, so that for forty days he abstained from administering justice. At the end of that time the missing jewel was found in a fish and restored to the monarch who straightway became more exceeding wise, and continued so till the end of his days.

PIGEONS.—Pigeon-houses are exceedingly common in Persia as they are in all parts of Palestine. In the latter country almost every house has its cote, those of the wealthy being built up with a number of earthern jars, which are roofed over. Each jar is supposed to accomodate a pair of pigeons, and many such exist in England. Clouds of birds may be seen over the fields, those of different owners flocking together. In short Palestine is a country of pigeons, and in traveling together one can fully appreciate the great number of references to these birds in the Scriptures.

A QUEEN'S DINNER.—What Queen Elizabeth had for dinner we cannot only guess; but it is not likely her English subjects had much variety of vegetable food. Shakespeare has plenty to say about venison and capons and beef. He says very little about vegetables. We have the line, "And greasy Joan doth kele the pot" that is put the kele in the pot—kele being the coleswort of the Saxons, who called the month of Febuary Sprout-kele, at the time when their great pottage herb began to sprout. But it would seem almost as if vegetables had not yet made their way into the national diet.

THE SWORD OF ROLAND.—Durandal or Durindina, the celebrated sword of Roland, fashioned for him by the fairies, who endued it with all the wonderful qualities. Ariosto tells us that it once belonged to Hector. It was the object of as much devotion, the cause of as much fighting as any flesh-and-blood heroines, and is always mentioned with epithets qualifying it as "the noble," "the true," "the brave." Among other things the hero, by its aid, cut his way straight through the Pyrenees into Spain, the mighty gap in the rocks, known as the "Pass of Roland," still remaining to show the truth of story.

CHOOSERS OF THE DEAD.—Meaning these words, the Valkyries, in Norse mythology, are the attendant maidens of Odin, at once amazons and prophetesses, who had the power of converting themselves into swans, and in this form hovered over battlefields and selected from among the slain those whom they wished should consort with them in Valhalla. In some of their features they clearly recall the Mohammadan houris, in other respects they are closely akin to the Hindu apsara, or gandharvas, and the nymphs and nereids of classical mythology. Modern mythologists are disposed to class all together as personifications of the clouds.

NATURE'S VARIETY.—Nature presents a curious variety in stomachs. A plant performs both the functions of digesting and that of breathing with its leaves. Some plants, like the Venus fly-trap of Carolina, make a veritable stomach out of their leaves—catch flies and other insects, and then digest them. In some lower orders found in the Southern seas, one organ performs the duty of stomach, lungs and heart. Some still more lowly creatures possess no organ which may be called a stomach, and yet are capable of producing a stomach upon the spot whenever one is needed. To eat, sleep, and digest, seem to be its sole purpose in life.

REMORSE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

"O hush you your song," I petulshly cried,
"I'm tired to death of that same old measure,"
Quick as a flash the sweet notes died,
Struck by the whip of my displeasure,
A sudden cloud on the sunny face,
A look of sorrow and pained disgrace.

"O sing me that song, my darling," I weep,
"I'm sick with the longing to hear it once more,"
But the stillness is silently solemnly deep,
No wave of sound comes from death's dead shore,
The voice that I chided, forever is stilled
And I with remorse am eternally filled.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KATE had put her work aside, but she did not go to bed; she felt that she could not do so until Jessie returned; but she exchanged her dress for a dressing-gown and sat and waited, and, being tired, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she and Desmond were shut up in a dark and dismal dungeon, together, yet separated by some intangible barrier, and that Jess came to them and set them free to fall into each other's arms.

It was a strange and a vivid dream, and she woke with a start to find Jess standing over her.

"Oh, Jess!" she exclaimed, sitting upright, and panting a little. "You have come back! I am so glad; I have been very anxious! Why, what has happened?" for Jess's face was all aglow, and her eyes beaming with a strange, wild expression of triumph.

She flung her hat and jacket from her, and sank down beside Kate.

"The something I have been waiting for so long has happened. I have found him, Kate!"

"Found him?" echoed Kate.

"Yes," she said, "the man who left me so long ago, the man who has made me hate all mankind because of his treachery and deceit. I have found him, and I shall get justice."

"I am so glad," murmured Kate, in her gentlest voice. "So very glad, dear Jess! I don't know all your sad story, but I can guess, I can imagine, and oh, Jess, I am so glad you have found him! And now you will be happy—at last!"

Jess rose and went slowly to the window.

"Happy?" she said feverishly. "Who knows? Perhaps! It depends upon him. Yes. I will be happy if he will let me! I loved him once, and the feeling may come back!"

"Oh, yes, it will—it will!" said Kate. "How could anyone love and lose the power of loving once and for always? It must be!"

"Do you think so?" said Jess moodily. "To-night, when I saw him, I felt that I hated him rather than loved him! I thought of all the misery he caused me, and the shame, the suspense and the despair, and—yes, I hated him! But he shall marry me," she said, with a return of her old fierceness. "He shall marry me whether I hate him or love him, whether he is a mere nobody or a duke!"

"I hope he is a duke, for your sake," said Kate, going to her and putting her arm round her waist. "You would make a grand duchess, Jess."

"Should I?" she said, scanning Kate's beautiful face with half-suspicion. "Are you laughing at me?"

"Laughing at you—and at such a time!" said Kate reproachfully.

"And you think I might pass for a lady; that in time I might learn to be something like you?" said Jess, with restless wistfulness. "Since you have been here I have felt the difference between us; yes, though you have treated me as an equal, and been kind and gentle with me even in my worst fits, I know the difference; but do you think, if I tried hard, Kate, that I could learn to be a lady, so that if the man who married me was a swell, he would not be ashamed of me?"

"The man who would be ashamed of you, Jess, would be too low for anything, beneath any woman's notice," said Kate, quietly. "Whoever he is, he ought to, and will be, proud of you," she added, looking at the handsome face, softened to-night as it had never been before since Kate knew it; "and you will be very happy. Yes, Jess, the long lane has reached its turning; the dark clouds are rolling away, and the sun is showing itself. Ah, Jess, I hope that it will shine on you with all the splendor and warmth of joy and happiness for many a year!"

She turned as she spoke, for the warmth of her words, and, perhaps, the thought that for herself no sun could shine, brought the tears to her eyes.

Jess let her go without a word, and stood looking out at the night, thinking of the past and the future.

At last, with something like a sigh, she began to put the room straight, as was her custom before going to bed.

As she did so, she saw a slip of paper lying on the ground beside the chair in which Kate had been sitting, and, absently, she stooped and picked it up.

Thinking that it was something that had dropped from Kate's pocket when she changed her dress, she put it on the table, and was turning out the lamp, when she paused.

"Why should I go to bed?" she murmured. "I could not sleep, and I should think and think till I went mad!"

At ten o'clock she was to meet the man—her dear old lover, her future husband.

She could not go without telling Kate, without leaving some message, and she would have to make preparations which would necessitate her leaving the house, perhaps before Kate was awake.

She would write and tell her what she was going to do, and that Kate was to remain there till she, Jess, came back.

"Dear Kate," she murmured; "she thinks perhaps, that we are to be parted. But, no; where my home is, here shall be!"

She looked about for a pen, found one at last, but failing to hunt up a piece of paper, took up the folded slip she had placed on the table.

She turned it over, thinking that it might be blank on both sides, when she saw, with a start, that it was a marriage certificate.

She was folding it up again quickly, when her eye fell upon one name.

It was the name of the bridegroom, and it seemed to start out from the paper, as if it were written in words of fire.

For a moment she sat holding the paper in her hands, her eyes fixed on and yet not seeing it, her heart seeming to stand still.

Then, with a very hoarse cry, she muttered:

"I must see it!"

She held it near the lamp. The paper fell from her hands, and she rose, white to the lips, her black eyes blazing like ardent coals.

"Arthur Carr-Lyon—Kate Meddon."

"Great Heaven!" broke from her lips. "He is her husband!"

As if she had been struck, she fell heavily to the ground and hid her face in her hands.

And hour—two—glided by, and still she lay motionless and silent.

Then she slowly rose, and with staggering and uncertain feet, went to the window and opened it.

The cold air revived her after a time, and with a more certain step she put on her hat and jacket.

Then with averted face, as if she could not bring herself to look at it, she took up the certificate and thrust it in the bosom of her dress.

Her face was white as the paper, her lips set in a straight line; with the dark eyes gleaming above the heavy shadows, she looked like a feminine Nemesis, whose avenging hand is stretching forth for her victim.

At the door she paused, and for a moment a struggle seemed to be going on within her; she ended it by turning back and, opening the door of Kate's room, went softly up to the bed.

Kate was lying asleep with her head upon her hands, and as Jess bent over her she saw that there were tears upon her cheek.

She leant over her, looking at her with strange intentness for a moment or two, then as if impelled by an impulse too strong to be resisted, she touched the beautiful lips with her own; it could scarcely be called a kiss. It was a silent, a solemn farewell.

Then noiselessly she passed out, and as she went she laid her hand upon her bosom where the certificate lay, and kept it there.

* * * * * *

On the afternoon of that day Nellie stood upon the quarry path looking toward the station.

A slight fog was creeping over the land from the sea, and in the faint mist her slim, girlish figure looked like a ghost.

From time to time she raised her hand to shield her eyes, then let it drop with a disappointed and wistful sigh; but presently the color rose to her pale face, and a tremor ran through her, she had heard a step on the road below, and had recognised it.

A few moments afterwards Clifford Raven came down towards her.

His head was bent in moody pre-occupation, and it was not until he was close upon the ghost-like figure that he saw her.

"Nellie!" he said, and his face lit up for a moment, then grew overclouded again.

"Is there any news?" she asked timidly, though she knew by his face what the answer would be.

"No, Nellie, none," he said, and he sank on to the bank with a weary sigh. "I cannot find her, and I have searched—where have I not searched? She has disappeared as completely as if—" he stopped and concluded almost inaudibly—"she were dead!"

"She is not dead," said Nellie in a low voice. "No, she is not dead."

He raised his eyes to hers.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because—I do not know, I cannot tell you, but I feel that she is not dead. I think—" she spoke very slowly and hesitatingly—"I think I should know if she were dead."

He sighed.

"I have searched for her day and night, almost without ceasing," he said; "and but for the few lines she sent me, I think I should go mad, Nellie."

She put out her hand and touched his timidly.

"Don't grieve so—Mr. Raven," she murmured. "Something tells me that she is safe and well. Oh, I cannot explain, but I seem to know it. She is not with her husband?"

His face darkened.

"No," he said almost inaudibly. "I have watched him. He has kept his word and left her in peace, wherever she is! That is the only gleam of light in the darkness. I watched him, Nellie; he is worse even than we thought, utterly bad and vile. When I think of him I loathe the name he bears. They told me—I saw for myself—that he is scarcely ever sober, a gambler, and a villain—and she is his wife! Oh, Kate, Kate!"

He hid his face in his hands, and she stood in silence beside him.

What good could words, even the wisest and most tender, do in such a case as this?

Presently he looked up.

"Forgive me, Nellie. My grief makes me selfish. How good of you to look out for me. But Nellie," and his voice grew anxious, "you should not be out in this mist! You look ill and tired. Are you ill?" he asked in deep concern.

"No, no," she said quietly, and a faint tinge of color rose to her pale, transparent face, "I am quite well, quite; but I was anxious."

"You must go in, Nellie," he said. "Why see, your hand is quite cold," and he laid it in his own. "All this excitement and trouble have tried you too severely. Let me take you in; I'll come with you to the house."

"No, no," she said; "you are tired. You shall not come up to the house. Besides, your tea will get cold. I thought, somehow, that you would come back this afternoon, and Jim has lit the fire, and got ready for you."

She did not add that she had prepared for his return every afternoon in the same way, but he guessed it.

He touched her hand with his lips.

"How ever can I thank you enough for all your goodness to me, and to her, Nellie?" he said, in a very low and earnest voice.

"You need not," she said simply.

There was silence for a moment, then she said timidly:

"I am going now. Will you not come up to the house this evening? It will be better than sitting all alone there and—and thinking."

He shook his head.

"Not to-night, Nellie," he said gratefully. "I will come up and see your father to-morrow. To-morrow I am going to set to work again."

"Oh, no, no!" she said: "you must not! You must rest! Besides"—she paused—"it is different now! It is not fitting that you, who are——"

"Stop, Nellie," he said, quietly but firmly; "as I have been, so I shall be! I am still Clifford Raven, and shall never be any other. I have buried the past, with all its hopes and fears."

She shook her head.

"We cannot, any of us, do that," she said in a low voice; "and something tells me"—she paused—"that a brighter time is coming. Look how the mist is thickening."

"Yes, and you are out in it," he broke in anxiously.

"Presently it will get at its worst, and then it will clear away, and it will be light and bright again. I—I think it will be so with you, Mr. Raven!" her voice grew very sweet and low, and yet so sad—so sad; "and some day you will find her, and you will be happy."

"Nellie," he said; "that is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible! I heard you say that one day. Yes, you will be happy; you and she."

He looked at her gratefully.

"It is always for others you are thinking, Nellie," he said; "what of yourself?"

"Me!" she replied, and a faint, sad smile passed like a cloud over her face. "I am nothing, and it does not matter! It is of you—of her," she corrected herself timidly, "that I think; and I feel that the time will come when you will remember what I said; when you and she are together, never to part again."

He rose, and drew her hand through his arm.

"Heaven bless you, Nellie!" he said. "But for you I should have broken down entirely—"

"Then I have been some use?" she said, with a wistful smile.

"Use! My sister!" he murmured.

She started suddenly.

"What was that?" she said, with a little pant.

"What?" he said quickly. "Why, Nellie, I see nothing."

"Nor I," she said, breathing heavily. "But I heard—there in front——"

"A rabbit," he said. "Come, you are cold and ill—I saw it the moment I looked at you. Why, Nellie, if you get ill, do you think that I should ever forgive myself? Let me draw your shawl round you—this mist——"

He took the ends of the shawl and drew them tightly, and then with a little start of dread, he said—

"My child, you have grown thin! What have you been doing with yourself while I have been away?"

"Nothing," she murmured, "only waiting for you to come back."

If it had been to save her life, she could not have helped the piteous little reproach.

He looked at her with a sudden sense of guilt.

"Oh, Nellie!" he said, in accents of keen pain and remorse, "I am not worth thinking about!—not worth——"

Unconsciously he drew her towards him, and for a moment she rested against his breast, then she drew back.

"No, no," she breathed, "I am nothing—it is she——"

The words broke off suddenly, and in their place rose from her lips a wild cry, and she flung herself upon his breast again with arms outstretched as if to shield him from some peril.

At the same instant a strange sound like a low whistle cleaved the air, and, with a convulsive shudder, her head fell forward upon his shoulder, and her arms drooped to her side.

"Nellie!" he cried, "Nellie!"

Then he knew what had happened, for over the hand that supported her crept a tiny stream of warm blood.

With a cry of agony he caught her to him, and ran to the cottage, and with his arm still round her knelt beside the fire, and gazed at her face, distraught with terror, and still crying in anguished tones upon her name.

As if the sound of his voice had power to call her back from the grasp of death, she opened her eyes and looked up at him with—ah, Heaven—such love, such tenderness!

"Still here?" she breathed, faintly and painfully. "I thought I was dead, without saying good-bye!"

"Oh, my child, my child!" he moaned, "you shall not die——"

She put her hand up to his lips.

"Hush—I am dying; I—I know that. And you—don't—don't cry. I am glad! glad, glad, glad! I shall sleep now and rest. Oh, yes, I am glad."

Her breath came quicker and more heavy, and the beautiful eyes grew of a deep violet as they dwelt on his face in a wistful intentness.

"Keep with me," she murmured; "don't leave me,—it will only be a few minutes. Let me die in your arms. Oh, my love—my love——"

The tears streamed down his face, and she was shaken in his arms by the sobs that raked his frame.

"Don't cry," she breathed. "I—I should never have been happy again. I—I wanted to die,"—her voice broke—"I prayed to die. Was—was that wicked? How dark the room gets! Is the fire out? But I can see your face—your eyes. Will you give me—one kiss? The—the last; she will not mind it at all!"

He gathered her to him reverently and laid his lips upon hers.

A heavenly smile beamed upon her face, rapidly paling under the touch of Death's cold fingers.

"I—I am happy now!" she breathed, as with an effort she wound her arms round his neck and laid her cheek against his. "I am happy now!"

They were her last words.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARTHUR CARR-LYON sat huddled up in a chair before the fire, in the solitary dining-room of his house in Park Lane, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his bloodshot eyes fixed with savage moodiness on the fire.

Two hours had elapsed since Jess had watched him enter the house, and it is scarcely necessary to say that he had spent the time in drinking. And now with muddled brain, he was trying to realise his position and hit upon some way of escape.

For weeks past, in fact, since the night of the scene in the quarry, he had been drinking heavily, drinking and gambling, flinging vast sums—Desmond Carr-Lyon's money!—right and left, scarcely ever sleeping, and doing his very best—or worst—to bring about an attack of *delirium tremens*.

And now had come his meeting with Jess, the woman he had deceived and deserted.

"Curse her!" he muttered, with his usual facility of malediction. "I thought she was dead! She ought to be! Why isn't she? But no, it's just my luck! Desmond, who ought to be dead, is alive and so is she! It is just like my luck, too, that I should have stayed in this cursed London! Another day, and I should have gone."

The idea of taking flight never entered his head. He knew her too well to entertain any hope of being able to escape her.

"She's watching the house at this moment, I daresay," he muttered. "No, I've got to go through with it. Ten o'clock to-morrow, she said; if I forget it, she'll come here and make a scene. What the deuce shall I do?"

He reached for the bottle of brandy, and, with an unsteady hand, mixed himself a glass.

"What shall I do? Tell her I'm married! No; she'd—she'd tear my eyes out. I know her of old. What shall I do? If it were anyone else, money might settle it; but not Jess, not Jess! She didn't look poor, either. No, money's no use! Confound her, confound everything! What, am I to say to her? I wish to gracious I'd spoken the truth when I said I wasn't married. It would have been better for me if I'd married Jess than the other one. Where is she, I wonder? With Desmond—with Desmond!" he repeated, between his teeth, and clenching his fist. "Oh! if I could see him lying dead here at my feet!"

Then he began to whine and whimper over the glass of spirits.

"I'm an unlucky wretch!" he moaned; "nothing ever goes right with me. I've been badly used all through, and by all of 'em; and now here's this cursed Jess turned up. And I've got to meet her at ten o'clock and she'll insist upon my marrying her, and then they'll have me for bigamy! For bigamy——"

His voice died away, the tumbler fell from his limp, nerveless hand, and his head dropped forward.

Suddenly he woke with a start: someone had entered the room.

He looked round, clutching the chair and trying to rise.

"Who the deuce——"

It was the major. The major, pale and haggard, with fear and horror written on every one of the dark lines which seemed suddenly to have been dug into his once suave and blandly complacent face.

"Arthur!" he exclaimed, with a hoarse gasp, shutting the door and leaning against it, "thank Heaven, you're up——"

"Up, of course I'm up; middle of the day!" stammered the other with a hiccough. "What d'ye mean by coming into a fellow's room in that—that scarecrow fashion?"

The major's hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Good gracious, drunk at such a time as this!" he exclaimed to himself as he thought, but like most tipsy men Arthur's ears were sharp.

"Drunk, who's drunk?" he retorted. "You are, I should say, to look at you;" and indeed the major's unkempt hair and general disorder were in such marked contrast to his usual neatness that it lent some show of reason to the retort. "What's the matter with you, and what do you stand there for like a ghost? Has Kate come back?"

"Kate!" said the major groaned; "don't talk about her, it's a waste of time. Arthur, for gracious sake, try and pull yourself together. Something has happened—No!" and he put his hand on the weak and trembling arm as it strayed feebly towards the bottle, "leave that alone! You'll want all your senses. Good gracious, man, have you been like this ever since——"

"Yes," he assented, "ever since my wife deserted me," and he shook his head with a maudlin sigh.

The major grasped him by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Pull yourself together," he said very hoarsely. "I've news for you, very bad news!"

"Bad news! Desmond—Kate——"

"I've just come from Sandford," went on the major breathlessly. "Oh, take some brandy if it will restore what little sense you have yet left!" he added desperately.

Arthur Carr-Lyon drained a glass and shook himself with a long shudder.

"Now then, what is it?" he stammered. "You look like a scarecrow or a ghost. What's happened? I want to go to bed——"

The major shook him again.

"I've just come from Sandford," he said. "Something has happened. A murder has been committed——"

Arthur Carr-Lyon sprang to his feet with a lurid flash of savage joy in his bloodshot eyes.

"That fellow has killed him! Desmond's dead!" he cried.

The major darted forward, and pressed his hand over the swollen lips.

"Quiet, you dunce!" glancing fearfully towards the door. "No, Desmond's alive! But—but he—that is, someone shot at him, and—and killed that girl at the quarry."

Arthur Carr-Lyon fell back with a look of bitter disappointment.

"My luck, just my luck!" he muttered, thickly.

"They — Desmond and she—were together, it seems, and Vyse—I mean whoever it was—missed his aim, and shot the girl. It isn't known who committed the murder, but the hue and cry is out, and he'll be caught before morning—may be caught now! The whole place is up in arms! The streets are crowded. There was a rush to the railway station——"

He stopped, and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his ashen forehead.

"Men are searching the place with torches—the women even! There's no time to lose."

"No time to lose!" repeated Carr-Lyon, in sullen interrogation.

"No, not a minute! They'll catch the man—he can't escape! I tell you the whole place is after him! And he'll split, as sure as day is day!"

"Split, will he?"

"Yes. It will all come out," said the major huskily, and looking round covertly as if he already heard the mob at his heels. "There is not a moment to lose! I caught the train and came up here—I've stood by you to the last, through thick and thin, Arthur! I've come to tell you—I should have been on my way to Calais by now!—to warn you. For gracious sake, lose no time!" and he began buttoning up his coat.

Arthur Carr-Lyon stared at him with sullen gravity.

"Don't understand you," he said thickly. "Why should I make haste? What do you want me to do?"

"What do I want—good gracious, man, you're sober enough now to understand that every moment you stay here you run the risk of being found and arrested!"

"Arrested! What for?" demanded Arthur with drunken cunning. "Look here, I don't know what you mean! I don't know anything of this girl or fellow who shot her. If you do—and I suppose you do by coming here in this state—you've no time to lose and had better be off. I don't know anything about it."

The major stared at him, speechless for a moment.

"You—you don't mean to say that you forget our meeting with the man——"

"Oh, no!" retorted Arthur, shaking his head till it was in danger of coming off; "I don't. I remember every word you said; could swear to it; but I can swear, too, that I didn't say a single word! Ha, ha!" and he laughed hoarsely. "If this fellow says he was incited to do this, you incited him, not me!"

The major grew a livid purple.

"And you'd—you'd turn against me, you—you white-livered scamp!" he snarled.

"I'd turn against my own father to save myself," said the other, with charming candor. "As to white-livered, why you said you'd brave it out——"

The major bit his lip.

"I hadn't seen the crowd then," he muttered.

"Well, I haven't seen it now," retorted Arthur Carr-Lyon. "But you're enough to frighten a fellow! But I'm not going to back it. You do as you like."

"Yes," said the major, turning up his coat-collar; "perhaps you're right, Arthur. But I think I'd better go for a time. It will blow over——"

"Yes," stammered the other, mockingly; "murder generally does, doesn't it?"

The major winced.

"Can you let me have a little money?" he said, huskily.

Arthur Carr-Lyon deliberately turned his pockets out, and laid two shillings and fourpence on the table.

"If that's any use to you!" he said, with gravity suited to the occasion.

The major glared at him.

"Sorry. Haven't any more. Been very unlucky lately," remarked Arthur.

"There's jewelry," said the major. "Kate's jewels. She didn't take them with her, I suppose?"

Arthur Carr-Lyon's eyes twinkled cunningly.

"No, and you don't!" he said, with a very harsh laugh. "What do you take me for?"

"For a mean, ungrateful hound!" exclaimed the major furiously, and he advanced upon him savagely.

Arthur Carr-Lyon stretched out his hand to the bell.

"Lay a finger on me, you old scoundrel, and I'll ring up the servants, and give you in charge!" he cried, with a suppressed yell.

The major fell back.

"You scamp!" he breathed hoarsely. "You think you're safe, do you? You'll stop and face it! We shall see! You'll be a prisoner before this time to-morrow night, and I'll come back and give evidence against you!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon laughed.

"You come back!" he cried, with suppressed fury. "Yes, when they bring you back hand-cuffed. Get out of my sight, or I'll——"

His hand went towards the bell again, and the major, with a stifled oath, and a look of deadly hate, opened the door and hurried out.

Arthur Carr-Lyon fell back heavily in his chair and burst into a fit of insane laughter.

Then it died slowly away, and he crouched over the fire shiveringly, and fell to thinking.

The night passed, the dawn came, and then the fuller day.

"Yes," he muttered rising, and striving to steady his trembling limbs; "that's the best thing. Jess isn't a bad one! She'll look after me! I'm sick of London—of England! Somewhere abroad! Yes, I always did like Jess! Shot the girl, did he, the dunce! Why didn't he shoot that beast Desmond, then it would have been all right? But that's my luck; just my luck!"

Steadying himself by the banisters, he mounted the stairs to his own room, and taking off his coat, bathed his head with cold water.

Feeling sobered and refreshed, he collected the jewelry that lay about, put it in his pockets, and then went into Kate's room.

The miserable man had not entered it since he had discovered her flight, and the sight of the bed in which she had not slept, and her dresses that still lay about as she had left them, a feeling of desolation and coming ill fell upon him. But it did not soften him; and even as he emptied her jewel-case into his pockets, he cursed her, and happening to touch the dinner dress she had worn on the night of the marriage, he dashed it under his feet and stamped upon it.

Then he went back to his own room, and put on his overcoat, and, with a last glance round, descended the stairs and left the house.

The clock struck nine as he went into the street; there was still another hour before he had to meet Jess; for even now he had no wish to escape her. He had made his plans. Together they would leave England, and somewhere—in Spain where, he remembered, there was no extradition treaty—they would be happy.

He walked slowly towards the embankment. Presently he came to a coffee shop, and, going in, got a cup of hot coffee, which he drank at a gulp.

It covered and stimulated him; but as he left the place he was startled by a newsboy who sauntered down the street, yelling:

"'Orrible murder in Devonshire! Capture of the hassassin! Full details! Mornin' paper!"

He stopped and bought the newspaper, and, carrying it in his hand until he reached the embankment, sat down on one of the flights of steps, opened it, and read the account. It was written in choice penny-a-lining, and described the scene of the murder in graphic, newspaper-English. The shot had evidently, so said the reporter, been intended for the man who was with the unfortunate girl; and it was hinted that a romantic history was attached to him—that, indeed, he was a peer of the realm in disguise as a mere quarryman. It told of the arrest of the murderer, and intimated that the man had made a full and astonishing confession which implicated individuals of higher rank than himself, and that further arrests would probably be made.

Arthur Carr-Lyon chuckled.

"The major was right in eloping," he muttered. "But they can't hurt me. I—and Jess—will be off this morning."

As he folded the paper the clock struck ten, and he arose. A footstep sounded behind him, and, looking up, he saw Jess.

She was pale and worn-looking; not half so handsome as she looked the night before, and there was an expression on her face which made him vaguely uneasy.

"You've come, then," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "I'm punctual, you see. I suppose you'll believe now that I didn't mean giving you the slip."

She came down the steps and stood beside him, her eyes fixed on the water that lapped sullenly at their feet.

"No," she said, in a hard, strained voice, "I didn't think you'd give give me the slip. And now you are here, do you mean to keep your word?"

"If you mean, do I agree to marry you, why, yes, I do," he said, with the same forced smile. "What should I be here for else? Look here, Jess, I've been thinking that you and I ought never to have parted. We were cut out for each other, and I was a dunce to leave you as I did. But we'll let bygones be bygones, eh?"

"Yes," she said, in the same constrained voice, "we will let bygones be bygones. Go on."

"Well," he continued, "I've been thinking that——" he hesitated, and stole a glance at her, "that, as I'm rather tired of England, and I daresay you are none too sweet on it, that a change wouldn't come amiss. Why shouldn't we go abroad and settle there, eh?"

"Yes, abroad, where you wouldn't feel so ashamed of yourself as you would here, my lord," she said.

"Oh! come now, Jess," he remonstrated feebly, "don't talk like that. Ashamed! Why, dash it, you're handsomer than ever you were. But don't you think I'm right? We can be married over there just as well as we can here. It's only a few hours difference, and easier."

"Yes," she said; "much easier."

There was a moment's silence, and her eyes glanced up and down the river shining murkily in the sunlight.

"Yes, we can be married there," she said; "there is nothing against it, is there? You told me the truth last night, didn't you? You are not married?"

"Not likely!" he responded with an uncertain laugh. "Who should I marry but you, Jess?"

She thrust her hand in her bosom, still looking at the river, and drawing out the certificate, held it before his eyes.

"Whose certificate is that?" she asked, not fiercely and passionately, but in the same hard, steady voice.

He staggered, and glared at it.

"It's—it's a fraud!" he gasped. "Somebody's been telling—somebody's been lying!"

"Yes, you!" she said, looking at him; for the first time and with that in her eyes which caused him to shrink until he leant against the stone wall. "You! Story-teller from first to last!"

"Jess—I swear——" he gasped; but she was upon him, and her strong arms, strong with the strength of madness, were round him.

"Story-teller and cheat!" she hissed.

"Let go or I'll——" he panted, raising his hand threateningly. "Let go or I'll throw you in!"

A burst of frenzied laughter rose from her white lips, and her clasp tightened round him.

Weakened by drink and fear, with the sound of the water making horrid confusion in his ears, he tried to force her down the steps, and he succeeded.

Her foot slipped, and she fell, but her arms still held him, and he struck at her.

The effort precipitated the catastrophe, and, with a yell of terror, he fell, still in the awful embrace, into the river.

For a moment or two he struggled, for he could swim, but she clung to him as the cuttlefish of the southern seas clings to its prey; his hands beat the water into a muddy foam for a moment, then all was still.

When, a few minutes later, they were picked up, dead, by a passing barge, her arms were still about him, and were removed by force.

Jess was avenged at last!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PIANO.—The variety of articles that piano-tuners find in pianos is remarkable. One says he found four diamonds in a piano and received a very substantial reward for his discovery from the lady who had employed him.

"You can understand the shock given to a ring," he said, "when a lady is playing and brings her fingers down in a crescendo. If a stone happen to be loose, away its goes, and with that rare affinity which valuable things have for getting into strange places, it promptly gets between the keys and works down into the framework of the instrument. And little things like gems are not the only ones lost in this way. I have found coins of all sorts in a loosely set piano, hair-pins, ordinary pins, visiting cards, and the like. Where there are children round the accumulation becomes greater, for the little rascals have a fashion of stuffing pianos full of every small thing they can get their mischievous little fingers on. Of course, the tone of the piano is very much injured by the presence of anything beneath or behind the keys, but very few persons who use the instrument can distinguish when it is a quarter tone out of the way, especially when they are using the piano themselves."

DEAD AND LIVING.

Like the old Hebrew, the ancient Greek, Egyptian and other languages, the Latin tongue is supposed to be dead. Still, if we investigate our own speech, we will be more than surprised how much of it is alive in living parts.

Vis, is Latin, and signifies "by the way of;" so is bos, the term so many farmers use in addressing a cow.

Latin has supplied us with many prefixes, such as ab, ad, ante, circum, contra, de, ex, in, inter, pro, sub, super. These are all prepositions, and still retain, in many cases, their old-time signification. This fact is evidenced by the following list:

Ab, away from; abduce, to take forcibly away. Ad, to; adjoin, to join to. Ante, before; antenatal, before birth.

Circum, around; circumnavigate, to sail around. Contra, opposite; contrast, to set opposite, or in opposition.

De, down from; depend, to hang down from.

Ex, out of; exclude, to shut out of.

In, into; inspect, to look critically. Inter, between, intercribed, to write between.

Per, through; perfect, carried through, completed.

Sub, under; submerge, to put under. Super, above; super-stratum, a stratum above another.

Many words, slightly modified, are plainly of Latin parentage. Thus, from pod, a foot, we get: Podal, podestral, pedicel, pedometer.

Head, in Latin, is caput. This gives us cape, capillary, capitation capitol, capitulate, captain, chapter.

Pendere, in Latin, signifies, to hang down, to be suspended. Hence come: append, depend, expend, impend, suspend, pendant, pending, pendulum, pensile.

From scribere, to write; we derive: Ascribe, circumscribe, describe, inscribe, prescribe, scribble, script, scripture, scrivener.

The Latin number are unus, duo, tres, quinque, sex, septem, octo, novem, decem. These all re-appear in the following list: Unit, dual, trefoil, quarter, quintessence, sextant, septangle, octoroon, November, decimal.

To the Latin mythology we are indebted for many words. Here we note Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus.

These have been transferred from the heathen shrine to the shining heavens, and are recognized as planets. Some have been modified.

Janus, the double faced god of beginnings, has given his name to January. Vulcan, the fire-deity; is detected in Volcano, Vulcanize, Vulcanite.

Ceres was the goddess of agriculture, and from her name we derive both the adjective and the noun, Cereal. Among the country gods, the Romans reckoned Tellus, or Mother Earth; Sylvanus, god of the woods; Flora, goddess of flowers; Pomona, goddess of orchards.

Hence come, Telluric, Sylvan, Florist and Pomology. From Luna, the moon, we get Lunatic, and Sol, the sun, helps us to Solar.

Among the diverse ministers to the Roman deities, an important position was assigned the Augurs. They numbered four originally, but were increased subsequently to nine, and eventually to sixteen. They observed closely the flight of birds, their notes, and manner of feeding; and thereon based their predictions.

The title of these men appears in Augury and Inaugurate. Their inspection of birds is connoted by Auspicious; and the Omina whereupon their predictions were based, can be readily observed in Omen, Ominous.

Latin is much used in the sciences. Science itself comes from scire, to know, scions, knowing, scientia, knowledge; and is knowledge systematically classified. In physiology, terms of Latin parentage abound.

There we find Cerebrum, and Cerebellum; the front and back head. Take the cranium apart, and we have the Frontal, Parietal, Occipital, Temporal, Nasal and Malar bones; or those of the forehead (frons), side-wall (paries), back head (ob and caput), temple (tempora), nose (nasus), cheek (mala).

Examine the top of a man's skull, and its parts are, seemingly, sewed together; hence, Sutures, (sutum, sewed).

A fair knowledge of Latin enables the student of English to read the story of many a word. The point where three Roman roads intersected was the trivium; here wayfarers would naturally meet and engage in small talk; and hence our Trivialities.

A dilapidated building (lapis, a stone), is etymologically called one whose stone-walls have tumbled down.

The Latin Rival resided upon the bank riva, a bank of a stream, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to get into trouble with his neighbor on the other side.

THE race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

LOST IN DEATH.

BY GRAZIA.

How can I live without thee,
My dearest friend and best?
How e'er fulfil the promise
Given at your last request?

How can I do the labor
This life has for us all,
When ev'ry passing day is steeped
In sorrow's deepest gall?

My fate was surely sad enough
Before my greatest grief,
But now 'tis so sad and hopeless
I scarce look for relief.

Then look not for my smiling,
Expect me not to be gay!
For my heart is frozen over,
And my tears are dried away.

Up in a Balloon.

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER III.

IN a moment the whole airy fabric would have been in flames, but Gray sprang forward, and tearing off his coat, wrapped it round her slight figure, and extinguished the fire, not without burning his hands.

It all happened so quickly that, as Mary said afterwards, it was like a dream, and she found herself in the cloak-room, surrounded by a sympathising crowd of ladies, before she had fairly realised her danger.

It was decided that Mrs. Weeks and her daughters should remain, while Lady Honoria and Mary returned at once to Champfleury Court.

They were escorted to the carriage by Lord Oldcastle and Mr. Gray, who had now become the lion of the evening.

"I hope you will let my brother have an opportunity of thanking you for saving my life, Mr. Gray," said Mary, holding out a small white-gloved hand, which the young man held longer than was necessary. "And I don't know what to say to thank you enough myself."

Gray looked eagerly towards her, and was about to say something, when the horses moved on, and she was out of sight.

"Where is Mr. Gray?" asked Lady Wrinkleham some time later—her daughter was partnerless, and she considered as she had brought him it was the young man's duty to dance with that lady; but Mr. Gray was not forthcoming, he was wandering about the garden, murmuring to himself the beloved name, "Mary," and fancying he felt her hand in his, and the day broke upon the spectacle of a nineteenth-century young man as hopelessly in love as any of those heroes of romance—"the sort of man you read about, but very seldom see."

"Well, I can't think what you wanted to be walking in the garden at all for, at this time of year," said Miss Diana, entering Mary's room the next morning.

"It was quite warm," said her niece.

"Warm! don't tell me," said the old lady. "I suppose Lord Oldcastle had something to say to you that he took you out there."

She watched her niece's confusion keenly, and then continued:

"I have a very strong suspicion that he proposed to you last night, Mary. And pray what answer did you give him Mary dear?"

Mary did not reply.

"Let me tell you, Miss Mary, that you may find yourself penniless before you know where you are," said Miss Diana, getting angry, "and then you will be sorry that you did not accept the poor young man. There is your poor, silly brother, apparently quite fascinated by that designing Clara Weeks, and if he marries, what becomes of your heiressship, eh?"

"Please, Aunt Diana, do not worry me about what happened last night," said Mary. "Lord Oldcastle did not propose to me, as you suppose; had he done so, it would have been all the same, I do not care enough for him to marry him."

"Not care for him!" snorted Miss Diana—"not care for twenty thousand a year, and that beautiful place! I suppose then you are going to let one of those Weeks' girls snap him up before your own eyes!"

"Certainly," said Mary with a smile, "if it pleases them to do so."

"Well, I wash my hands of you, Mary," said her aunt tragically, and as the young lady made no answer, Miss Diana sailed majestically from the room.

The rule as to breakfast was relaxed for this morning, and the girls ran in and out of each other's rooms in their dressing-gowns, talking over the ball.

"Now mind, Blanche," said Mrs. Weeks, "I noticed you sitting out all those dances with Mr. Smith; it must go no further, do you understand, unless your sister marries Sir Fitzroy, and then perhaps he might give him a living."

"I believe Lord Oldcastle proposed to Mary last night," said Dora, "and she must have refused him, for he was as sulky as a bear for the remainder of the time."

"Well, now's your time, love, to catch his heart in the rebound," said Mrs. Weeks, as she adjusted her cap in front of the glass. "I shall ask Sir Fitzroy his intentions in a day or two," she continued.

"Indeed, Mamma, I beg you will do no such thing," said Clara. "You will spoil it all; leave it to me. He seemed very much interested in Planchette last night, and I made it write that he had a happy future before him, with one who was his affinity."

To those who do not know what Planchette is, it may be as well to say that it is a little machine, made of wood, like a tiny table, in which a pencil is inserted, and balanced upon very delicately constructed wheels; it is then placed upon a sheet of paper, and the medium lays her hands upon it very lightly.

It is then supposed, by spiritualistic agency, to prophesy concerning the future, and to answer whatever questions may be put to it, by means of writing.

Sir Fitzroy wrote to Mr. Gray, inviting him to dinner that night, and hearing that he was an aeronaut, he engaged in a conversation with him during the evening which lasted so long that Miss Clara, who, with her Planchette, was ready to continue her manœuvres, was on the point of fainting again from anger and mortification, but, to lose no time, she fastened upon Lord Oldcastle, who allowed himself to be led away to a distant corner of the drawing-room, hoping that it might rouse Mary's jealousy.

But Mary had no jealousy in her to be roused.

Crossing the room to her brother's sofa, beside which Gray was sitting, she entered into their conversation, and appeared extremely interested in balloons and all that appertained to them.

"What a wide field of enterprise is opened by the invention of balloons!" said Sir Fitzroy, to whom the birth of a new hobby was like "love's young dream" to a more romantic mind, the opening of a rose, the break of day, or any other poetical image which you like to imagine. "I shall read it all up to-morrow morning!" he added enthusiastically.

"Oh, Fitzroy," said his sister, "I should like so much to go up in a balloon!"

"Well, that can be managed, no doubt, Miss de Champfleury," said Gray, smiling, "but I think it should be a captive balloon."

"I see no fun in that," said Mary; "I should like to go for a regular voyage, across the Channel for instance."

"And so should I," exclaimed Sir Fitzroy, "and what is more, I will do it, too!"

"We will make an attempt together," said Gray eagerly, "if you really wish it, Sir Fitzroy: but as to crossing the Channel, this is hardly the time of year—there are likely to be gales just now. I would advise you to postpone that until the spring."

"We want you, Mary, to play at a round game," said Miss Diana, coming up to them.

She had observed Gray's evident admiration for her niece, and was determined to put a spoke in his wheel, as she said to herself.

She did not, however, object to his talking to Sir Fitzroy as much as he liked, provided he would keep the latter away from the designing Clara Weeks.

It was very bitter to Miss Diana, however, to see that young lady apparently on the best of terms with Lord Oldcastle, and it was with malicious pleasure that she remorselessly interrupted their flirtation, and led them off, unwilling prisoners, to the table where the rest of the party were now seated, waiting to begin the round game.

Sir Fitzroy, who was very opinionative when he once took an idea into his head, positively refused to wait till spring, and gave orders for a balloon to be constructed for his own special use, to which he intended to give the name of Jupiter.

By the time it was finished the equinoctial gales were over, and Gray hoped that they should have one of those calm days, which sometimes occur in October, for their ascent.

The Weeks had left Champfleury Court, Clara having now relinquished all hope of becoming Sir Fitzroy's bride, as he was entirely absorbed by his new fancy.

Hoppe and Prance had moved on to other country houses, and the Bishop and his chaplain had returned to their own duties.

Lady Honoria More remained however, and she and Miss Diana were loud in their disapproval of Mary's joining the expedition.

"No girl, in my day, would have dreamt of such a thing," said Miss Diana, "and how Fitzroy can allow Mary to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension."

"Nonsense, Aunt Diana," said her nephew, "we shall be a very short time crossing, and Mary will be all right."

"You must not come, Miss de Champfleury, if it is not quite calm," said Gray.

"No," said Mary, "but I shall be very much disappointed."

"And so shall I," said he, in a very low tone.

"You must be blind, Fitzroy, not to see that your fine aeronaut is falling in love with Mary, and she with him," said Miss Diana, looking after the young people as they walked round the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE eventful day arrived, one of those sunshiny ones which belong to St. Martin's summer."

"Too bright to last," said Miss Diana, who had assumed a funereal aspect this morning, as she poured out the tea with a sour expression on her face. "Do be persuaded, Mary, and give it up."

"You see how it distresses your dear aunt," said Lady Honoria.

"Indeed I can't do that," said Mary, whose eyes were sparkling with excitement.

She was all ready in her hat and ulster, and the carriage which was to take them to Oakhurst, from whence the balloon was to start, was at the door.

"We shall not be able to go up with all these shawls, Miss Diana," said Gray, laughing.

"I am not going to allow my niece to catch her death of cold," said the old lady. "Have you got your flask, Fitzroy? And here is the basket with the sandwiches. Oh, dear, to think that you should play such a mad prank as this!"

They drove off, leaving Miss Diana in tears.

"What a lovely morning!" said Mary, when they were safely on their way.

"Yes, but don't you think the wind's getting up, Gray?" said Sir Fitzroy.

"I don't think there is enough to prevent Miss de Champfleury from coming," said the young man.

The balloon was to ascend from the gas-works at Oakhurst.

On arriving there, they found a large crowd assembled to witness their departure, and a band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

A number of men were holding the ropes, prepared to let go when the signal was given.

Gray walked about, giving his orders to the assistants, and Mary and Sir Fitzroy took their places in the car, where they were presently joined by the young aeronaut.

Suddenly the wind, which had been gradually freshening, began to rise; violent gusts swayed the balloon from side to side.

"Mary, you must get out!" cried Sir Fitzroy alarmed, and as he said this he put one leg over the side of the car.

The balloon, which was straining at the ropes, now dashed him against a wall with great force, and he fell to the ground; at the same moment the men let go, and the balloon, shooting up hundreds of feet, was seized by the hurricane and whirled away into space.

"Oh, my brother!" cried Mary.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss de Champfleury," said Gray, "he had not far to fall, and I trust he is only slightly hurt, if at all."

He thought to himself, "She, poor girl, is in far greater danger," but he said nothing of what was passing through his mind.

The valve rope had not been secured, and was in the neck of the balloon, out of his reach! They could not now descend.

Mary had been very much shocked and distressed by witnessing her brother's fall, but was determined not to break down.

She knew that she was in this disagreeable position by her own doing, and with a very white face, but a brave heart, she sat perfectly still.

The wind was increasing in force, and they were now driving rapidly towards the English Channel.

"You are not frightened?" said Gray, taking her cold hands in his, and wrapping a shawl tenderly round her.

In the midst of their danger there was something pleasant in being alone with her, far removed from their fellow-mortals. If they were to die, they would at least die together.

"I am not frightened," said Mary, though her pale cheeks and quivering lips belied her.

"You know how precious your life is to me," said Gray, "that I would willingly give up my own for it! Mary, I know it is mean and ungenerous to take advantage of our situation to speak of love to you, but I have sometimes thought that you care for me, too. Dearest, I am a poor man, and you an heiress, there is no hope for me, therefore. But if we ever reach the earth again——"

"If we ever reach it!" cried Mary, lifting her large blue eyes with a look of terror—"we are in danger then!"

Gray cursed his own stupidity in having, in the height of his eloquence, betrayed their peril, but he answered:

"I did not mean that. Of course there is a slight amount of danger as long as this wind lasts; but have no fear, I can manage the balloon perfectly."

His conscience smote him for telling her this falsehood, as she looked trustfully up at him.

"Well, dearest," he continued, "will you give me any hope? If I can persuade your brother to give his consent, will you be my wife?"

"Yes," whispered Mary.

For a few minutes they remained in silence, too happy to speak; then a cloud came over Gray's brow.

"Dunce that I am!" thought he. "We shall never reach terra firma alive."

Just then they entered into a thunder-storm. The lightning flashed around them, and they were drenched with the rain. Mary hid her face on Gray's shoulder.

"My poor girl," said he, "why did I ever consent to your coming? I have murdered you!"

"Oh, don't say that," said Mary, "it was my own doing. And now I am a burden to you, and in your way."

"My darling! Death itself would be sweet with you by my side!" he exclaimed.

"But why cannot we descend?" asked Mary. Gray hid his face in his hands. "I can be very brave," she said softly; "let me know the worst."

"Well, dear, the truth is, owing to my own folly and carelessness, the valve-rope, upon which our descending depends, is out of my reach."

Mary did not speak, but she stole her hand into his, and they sat there, with death staring them in the face, and yet strangely, unaccountably happy.

Meanwhile the carriage returned to the Court, bringing back with it Sir Fitzroy, and the doctor; and with what lamentations they were received by Miss Diana and Lady Honoria may be better imagined than described.

Sir Fitzroy's leg was broken, and he was much bruised and shaken.

After the limb had been set, and the doctor had taken his departure, promising to look in again in the evening, Miss Diana emptied the vials of her wrath on her nephew's head.

"It serves you very well right," she exclaimed. "At your age, going off in a balloon, like some boy let loose from school! And now Mary has gone off alone with the aeronaut! It's the impropriety of the whole thing——"

"Impropriety!" cried Sir Fitzroy. "I beg your pardon, Aunt Diana, but perhaps the poor child is in danger. This is no time to think of what Mrs. Grundy will say. You will drive me wild going on like this," said he. "If you would telegraph to the police—no, the coastguard, I mean, to look out in case the balloon falls in the Channel, it would do more good than sitting there croaking."

"Well, I am sure!" said Miss Diana, highly offended.

Lord Oldcastle, on hearing of the disaster, came over at once, eagerly offering to be of whatever assistance he could; so did the neighboring country gentlemen.

A steamer was engaged to beat about the coast, so that should the balloon drop in mid-channel, it might be at hand to rescue Mary and Mr. Gray.

The evening papers were full of the catastrophe, and grave fears were entertained as to the safety of the aerial voyagers. A strong wind was now blowing from the north, which drove the balloon before it at a pace of fifty miles an hour.

They quickly flew over "the garden of England," the houses looking like toys, for they were at a great height; then the white cliffs of Dover appeared—they were nearing the sea.

Through Gray's glass they perceived a large steamer outward bound, the passengers on deck were watching the balloon with interest.

Mary waved her handkerchief despairingly, of course without the slightest effect, as they were at too great a height for any one in the steamer to perceive the action.

About this time the lovers began to feel most unromantically hungry, and were very glad to open the basket which Miss Diana had prepared, but they measured out the food very sparingly, in case they might not have enough to last the term of their probable voyage.

Gray had determined in his own mind to take the great step of exploding the balloon when the wind should drop, when they were passing over land, instead of sea, as the chances of the car floating were very slight, and they might not attract the attention of a passing ship.

But he did not acquaint Mary with his intention, fearing it would frighten her extremely.

To keep up her spirits, he talked and laughed as merrily as if they were sitting at home in the dining-room at Champfleury Court.

"This is a curious sort of pic-nic, isn't it?" said he. "Ballooning gives one a tremendous appetite though! You are eating nothing, darling; you really must, to keep your spirits up. We shall be in France in a few minutes, at this rate. Hullo, here is a piece of luck, there is actually some champagne. The very thing to do you good, after your fright, and the wetting we got in that storm."

He persuaded Mary to drink some, and then continued:

"I declare, now I feel quite chirpy and talkative. I could sing a song, only my voice would be carried away by the wind, or tell a story. Of course you don't know all my stories yet, but you will, and get dreadfully tired of them. I always feel so sorry for the wife of a man who is supposed to be amusing, she sits patiently listening to jokes which she must know by heart, dutifully laughing at the right places, and keeping up an appearance of their being quite new to her."

While Gray had been talking an important event had occurred—the wind had changed.

It was now blowing from the east, and the balloon, instead of drifting over France, was being carried towards the Atlantic.

The young aeronaut was not slow to perceive this.

He looked at Mary for a few minutes, as if to take one last impression of her beloved face with him to nerve him in the encounter with death, and their lips met in one long passionate kiss. Then he slowly said:

"It is all over with us, darling, I fear. The wind has changed. Say your prayers," he added, with a trembling voice, and Mary withdrew herself from his embrace, and tried to murmur a few words, while she covered her face with her hands, and tried to prepare herself to die. "There is one chance, love," Gray said hoarsely. "I am going to explode the balloon."

"It has been done before; if I were alone I would not hesitate to do it," said he. "It is your dear life that I would die a hundred deaths to save."

"I am ready," said Mary, with a white, set face.

"There's a brave girl!" said Gray. He cast a look beneath him.

They were hanging over the coast of Brittany he conjectured. First he tried the plan of jerking the car violently, so as to burst the balloon, then fastening a penknife to Sir Fitzroy's umbrella, which had been left in the car, he tried to cut the silk, but in vain, he could not reach it.

He then threw out ballast, and the balloon shot up to a great height, while the gas was discharged at the neck in great quantities.

Poor Mary all this time was clinging convulsively to the sides of the car, which Gray continued to jerk violently.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried, "hold tight, love!"

The valve-rope had rolled out of the neck so that he was able to reach it, and they shot down to earth with amazing rapidity, Crash, bang, bump!—Mother Earth rose to meet them, and for several minutes Gray lay stunned and motionless at the bottom of the car.

Then several peasants came running up, and the travelers were picked up and carried off to a farm-house.

Mary never remembered anything of her descent, she had fainted before Gray seized the valve-rope. The farmer's wife and daughter showed her the greatest kindness; the naturally supposed her to be Gray's wife, which caused Mary some embarrassment.

"But it is to be?" inquired the good woman, inquisitively, as she tucked Mary up in a large four-post bedstead, and administered some tisane, which the poor girl was obliged to drink.

"I think so, I hope so," murmured Mary, and feigned to go to sleep, which she really did as soon as Madame Mortigont had left the room, for she was thoroughly worn out with all she had gone through since the morning.

The farmer started off to the nearest town to send a telegram to Champfleury Court, and the next evening Miss Diana arrived to fetch her niece home.

She had not realized the danger they had been in, until Gray told her what a narrow escape they had had, and she seemed very much subdued during their journey.

Sir Fitzroy was anxiously waiting their arrival, and Mary threw herself into his arms, while Miss Diana sobbed audibly.

"Come, come, there is no occasion to cry," said he smiling. "Look here, Mary," pointing to a pile of newspapers, "how famous we have become. Nothing but 'The Baronet and the Balloon,' 'The Balloon and the Baronet.' Well, the baronet has gained a broken leg by his folly."

"And may I say I have gained a bride?" said Gray.

"Well, I suppose you may," said Sir Fitzroy.

[THE END.]

"With Love."

BY E. ADAIR.

IT was on the Monday of the Christmas week—Christmas day that year falling on a Friday—that young Graham went down to the station to see his friend Geoffrey Lambert off to the city.

Lambert had been having a few days' shooting, only rabbit shooting, for that was all that Graham could give him, but it is not such bad sport, after all, especially if you are comfortably housed at night in a bachelor's snug quarters.

But the little holiday was over, and he was due home in good time that morning.

"Wish you could have stayed over Christmas, old boy," said Graham, as they strolled up and down the platform.

"Wish I could," echoed Lambert; "but the mater expects me to spend it in the bosom of my family, and uncommonly dull it is there!"

"I daresay," Graham admitted absently. And then suddenly and hurriedly he jerked out:

"I say, you are a regular man about town, and have lots of sisters and all that sort of thing; I wish you would go to the shop where they get their very best gloves, and buy me half-a-dozen pairs—sixes—and have them put into a stylish box or case or something of the sort, and post them down to me at once. I want them. Very sorry to bother you, but you will do this for me; and then send along the bill and I will pay up."

"Only too glad to help you carry out such a praiseworthy idea, and I hope the gloves will have the desired effect. I promise you I will see about them directly. Hullo!" and Lambert here suddenly pulled Graham behind a pillar. "Who would have thought of seeing that chap here!"

"What chap?" asked Graham.

"That short fellow at the other end of the platform. He's a cousin of mine, but I don't want him to see me."

"Oh!" said Graham slowly, having at last discerned the object of Lambert's attention. "I can understand that, and I am sorry to hear he is any relation of yours. I never thought of that, though your names are the same. Yes, he's rather a black sheep. Nobody down here will have anything to say to him."

At that moment the train steamed up, and Lambert jumped in, after wishing his friend good-bye.

"Good-bye," said Graham through the window. And then like a shy girl, added: "And you won't forget what I asked you to do for me?"

"Not I. Good-bye, again, dear old man!"

And the two friends parted.

That very same afternoon Geoffrey Lambert found time to take a stroll up Regent Street.

There was no need for him to ask his sister's advice as to the best shop for his commission, for he was pretty well up in such things himself, and a sophisticated man of the world compared with honest Graham.

He chose the gloves with taste and care; half-a-dozen pairs of pale-colored, many-buttoned "Suedes," such as would greatly delight any girl's heart; and then he picked out a quaintly-shaped glove case of rose satin, quilted, and in it the shopman laid the gloves neatly.

"Stop a minute," Lambert said, before the case was fastened: "and lend me a pen, will you?"

The pen was handed to him, and taking a card from his card-case he scratched out the "Mr." which stood before "Geoffrey Lambert," and wrote above "With love from."

This he slipped into the glove case and then instructed the shopman to put it in a cardboard box and send it to young Graham.

He paid the bill himself, but instead of enclosing it in the parcel he tore it up, intending that Graham should accept the gloves as a Christmas present.

Two days afterwards Graham wrote one of his usual laconic notes.

"Dear Geoff,—Gloves come and gone. Thanks. How much?—Yours, F. G."

For a moment, Lambert, remembering his card, was puzzled by the "how much?"

But reflecting that it was probably only Graham's polite way of hesitating to accept the gloves as a present, he paid no attention to the query, and as far as he was concerned supposed the matter at an end.

Meanwhile, poor Graham was enduring a most mortifying disappointment, for a week passed away and he received no acknowledgment of his present from the fair Miss Vincent.

The following Sunday he called on her; but as she treated him with nothing more than her usual courtesy and never once referred, by word or by look, to the gloves, he was too shy to make mention of them either.

If ever a man felt downcast and dismal, it was Fred Graham as he trudged back through the snow to his lonely diggings.

The day after this, Geoffrey Lambert found two letters lying on his breakfast plate when he came down in the morning.

The first he opened was from Graham, very short, of course, but somewhat startling.

"Dear Geoff,—I am leaving for Australia. Come to the docks and seek me off in the Austral, on Jan. 12th.

"Yours, F. G."

So this, then, was the sequel to the little episode of the gloves!

"Poor old Fred!" thought Lambert regretfully. "I suppose the silly young woman has said 'no' to him, and he takes it very hard indeed. I was afraid he would. There's not a man I know who would make a better husband than old Fred. Well, well, women are queer creatures, and heaven preserve me from having anything to do with them!"

But he was so absorbed with thinking of his friend's trouble, that he had nearly finished breakfast before he glanced at his second letter, and then he was more surprised than pleased to recognize the handwriting of his cousin, George Lambert.

"Here's a nuisance!" he said, opening the envelope.

But his countenance changed from one of annoyance to considerable surprise when the identical card which he had enclosed in the gloves to Fred Graham dropped out on to his breakfast-plate.

"What the deuce does this mean?" he exclaimed (all these remarks were addressed to himself, for he was breakfasting alone), as he gazed long and steadfastly at the card.

He turned it over, he examined it. There was no mistake and no hoax about it, for he would swear to his own peculiar handwriting at any time. But how on earth came the card into his cousin's possession?

By-and-by he condescended to read George's letter, to see if that would enlighten him.

"Dear Geoffrey,—The next time you send such messages to a girl, I hope she will not mistake me for you. Here's a nice hole you have got me into, and I hope you will get me out of it as quickly as you can, for the Fair Insulted is pretty mad, I can tell you!

"Your cousin,

"GEORGE LAMBERT."

The horrible truth flashed suddenly upon Geoffrey.

Graham, like the careless chap he was, had never troubled to open the glove-case, and when the girl (whoever she might be) did so, she had been confronted by his fatal card:

"With love from Geoffrey Lambert." And the worst was yet to be contemplated. If "Lambert" had been an unknown name to her it would not have been so bad; or even if she had connected it with himself—its rightful owner—but that she should assign the authorship of the card to his odious cousin, this was the unbearable point in the whole concern. No wonder the girl was "mad" at receiving such an insult. And then poor Graham and all his suffering! But he should not go to Australia now!

Lambert's first step was to telegraph to his cousin:

"Wire me name and address of the lady. Do nothing else in the matter. I will make it all right. Reply paid."

The answer came back at once:

"Miss Mary Vincent, The Hollies, Bedford."

Early that same afternoon Lambert went down to Bedford. He did not seek the hospitality of Graham's rooms, but put up at the Mitre Hotel and thence sallied forth in search of the Hollies.

At the door, which was opened by a highly respectable looking butler, he asked for Miss Mary Vincent, and on being told that she was at home, gave the butler his name; he thought it better not to send in his unlucky card; and was shown into a large drawing-room.

There was no one in it, and after waiting a few moments anxiously for the entrance of the lady, he felt disappointed when, the door being opened, the old butler appeared again.

"Miss Mary is sorry, sir, but she says she cannot possibly see you, and that you will understand."

"I am sorry, too," said Lambert, coloring; "very sorry, to have to press my presence upon an unwilling lady; but in this case I must ask to beg Miss Vincent to see me for a moment; I will not detain her any longer." And again he waited all alone.

This time, after a longer interval, the door was opened very slowly, and a small, pretty-looking girl came into the room.

She was very young and seemed nervous, as no doubt she was; for she did not raise her eyes to look at Lambert until he began:

"I have called to apologise for and to explain away a mistake which has ——"

Then she saw him, and, starting violently, she said:

"I beg your pardon, but you are not Mr. Lambert."

"Excuse me, I am Mr. Geoffrey and not Mr. George Lambert, though the latter is unfortunately my cousin."

"Won't you sit down?" Mary Vincent said quietly, for she knew now that there was some mistake, and that she was not lowering herself by speaking to a man who had voluntarily insulted her.

But Geoffrey remained standing, hat in hand, whilst he explained the whole story to her; and though, as he went on, he was more struck by its comic than its tragic element, he told it very gravely and not at all flippantly.

Miss Vincent seemed to be almost unstrung by the relief it afforded her to listen to it.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said, in a sweet, grateful, friendly way. "You have changed a most unpleasant affair into a ——"

She drew up very suddenly, as if afraid of having said too much, and blushed deeply.

"Into a pleasant one, I hope," Lambert said; and then he took his leave of the still embarrassed girl, and found his way to Graham's rooms.

There, he not only explained the incident to his friend, but imparted the conclusion he had arrived at from Miss Vincent's behavior at the end of the interview; and, encouraged by his advice, Graham lost no time in calling at the Hollies.

He abandoned the idea of going to Australia, and before the next Christmas came round Lambert had acted best man, "on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Frederick Graham to Miss Mary Vincent."

SOME time ago a wealthy man died in Brussels, leaving nearly his entire fortune to a young woman who was entirely unacquainted with him. A local paper explains that this is how it came to pass: He was a very eccentric man, and set out, like Diogenes, in search of an honest man. His tub was an omnibus, and his lantern a small coin.

In the omnibus he used to take his seat every day near the conductor, and always showed himself very obliging in passing up the money of passengers and returning the change, but to the latter he always managed to add a franc or half franc. Then he would watch those to whom it came.

They would count it carefully, notice the extra coin, and invariably slip it into their pockets. For one thought of the poor conductor, whose meagre salary of three francs a day could ill support such a loss. But at last a young woman passed hers back with, 'Conductor, you have given me half a franc too much."

Diogenes, delighted, followed her home, made inquiries, and, as the answers were satisfactory, made his will in her favor, though he never gave her warning that her half franc was going to bring her half a million.

Scientific and Useful.

DISCOVERING LEAKS.—A Swede, has devised a simple apparatus for discovering leaks in ships while lying in the dry dock, but which may be made useful in other ways. The apparatus consists of a closed furnace placed on deck, and burning straw or bramble. The hatches of the vessel being closed, the smoke of the furnace is pumped into the hold, and any leak in the hull is then discovered by the smoke escaping from it.

IN PLACE OF ICE.—A patent covers the construction of a modest tin box, and the chemicals employed to lower the temperature. The box is made of tin, and is one foot long, eight inches deep and four inches wide. In it are placed the proper chemicals, and it is then placed in the refrigerator, in the room, in a closet, or wherever it is desired to produce a low degree of temperature. Its primary use is to supplement the use of ice in refrigerators, and is said to do its work well.

FIRE DRAWINGS.—If a saturated solution of saltpetre be used with a quill or fine brush to make a drawing or writing on white absorbent paper, keeping the lines well clear of each other, and the whole in outline, a glowing match will set fire to the lines, and a spark will run along the design, cutting it out as with a knife. The saltpetre yields oxygen to combine with the carbon of the paper, when heated to the point of ignition by the glowing charcoal of a match ignited and blown out.

COMPRESSED FUEL.—Small briquets of compressed fuel are now being made by machinery, from coal-dust and pitch, with the help of steam, which makes the mass plastic for the mould. They are 4½ inches long by 2½ inches thick, and weigh twenty ounces. The machine turns out fourteen a minute, or at the rate of five tons per day of twelve hours. It requires two horse-power to work it, and a man and two boys to attend to it, mixing the ingredients and stacking the briquets. The latter make an excellent fire, and burn with very little ash.

HANDY.—Towels and dusters that are hung upon nails are very apt, as all housewives know, to be spoiled by rust, or to be torn through being carelessly put in their places. A new invention has lately been patented, which provides a ready means of tidily disposing of such things without going to the trouble of putting up rollers. It consists of a loop of strong plated wire hung on a little screw, which can be let in anywhere. The bottom of the loop is carried to a point, so that the duster or towel is held firmly if it is once pulled into its place towards the bottom of the loop.

Farm and Garden.

CORN-FED.—A hog fed on nothing but corn is always peevish and in an inflammatory condition in all its parts. This need not be so, and it will not be so if lighter and coarser foods are supplied at the same time.

FEED.—A compound feed may be made of bran, oats and rye, bran and rye, or bran and corn-meal, and these compounds can often be made in such a way as to cheapen the cost of feed—when all has to be bought on the market.

HAULING.—Hauling is one of the most expensive items on the farm, and in laying off a field, or planning for any kind of crop, the first consideration should be the facility and ease of hauling and spreading the manure on the land and the carrying off of the crop therefrom.

BORERS.—Although many remedies have been suggested for killing borers in trees, such as forcing salt in the holes, etc., the surest method is to kill the borer by inserting a piece of wire into the opening, as it cannot escape if the wire is thrust in as far as the borer has penetrated.

FARM LIFE.—Two excellent results of life on the farm, compared with life on the street, are the humanity and economy engendered in young people who help to feed the many dependents on the farm, and who find no other way of gathering needed pennies but by that of slow earnings and careful saving.

POULTRY.—A cheap and good disinfectant to use about poultry houses and yards, when contagious fowl diseases are present or feared, is made by dissolving three pounds of copperas in five gallons of water, and adding one pint of crude carbolic acid. Sprinkle about the house and yard with a common watering-pot.

THE BEST.—The best grasses are those naturally adapted to the soil. In America about one dozen varieties are made specialties, while in England the farmers select from over a hundred. A firm sod of native grass should never be turned under to make room for some other kind until the new grass has been tested on the farm. Soils vary, and grass that may thrive on one farm may fail on another.

BONES.—In crushing and grinding bones for the purposes of agriculture, their peculiar structure prevents the particles from assuming either globular or prismatic shapes, as they invariably break up into splinters, no matter how finely they are ground, showing to the naked eye, or under a microscope, a mass of jagged edges totally dissimilar from those of any mineral substances with which they may be mixed. For this reason all forms of adulteration, whether in the shape of gypsum, quartz, sand or South Carolina rock, can readily be detected by sight alone, independent of chemical analysis.

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Frankness of Speech.

"Words," says a witty Frenchmen, "were given us so that we might conceal our thoughts."

This sentiment, so essentially French, does not meet with entire cordial approval amongst our plain-spoken countrymen. "Call a spade a spade" is our motto, and yet is it always so?

Have we not all heard our friends speaking to all appearances plainly, but in reality taking a leaf out of the diplomatic Frenchman's book, and using speech to conceal thought?

It is true, in the main, that we are an honest, outspoken nation; but there are exceptions to every rule, and in many cases we see a great lack of this characteristic often when it is most needed.

Think of the numerous miseries of life that might so easily be avoided by calling things by their right names; how many misunderstandings rectified, and friends reunited?

Let us put an imaginary case. Some charitable busybody, who never likes to withhold any information which it is in his or her power to give, goes to a man and insinuates, rather than explains, that his dearest friend has spoken slightingly of him behind his back, turned him into ridicule, etc.,—in fact piles up the agony, and yet does it all in such a way as to make the listener imagine there is worse lurking in the background.

The man hears, and, so prone is human nature to credit evil, believes it all, and goes, not to his friend to demand an explanation, but to brood alone on his fancied wrongs, and nurse his resentment towards the man he had once loved like a brother.

His friend, on the other hand, having a clear conscience, meets him as usual, only to be repulsed and treated with cold indifference, without having any reason assigned for this change of conduct. This is the beginning.

Things go on thus for some time. Correspondence ceases, and the friendship which had lasted since boyhood dies away for want of a little plain speaking.

Had that man gone at once to his friend and told him in a straightforward manner what he had heard, all would have been cleared up, and the careless word spoken in jest, and given a different color by reporters, could have been explained satisfactorily.

How much better a plan this would be if universally adopted, and how many useless quarrels would be prevented!

Plain speaking of this kind is sadly needed. Jealousies and petty misunderstandings between husband and wife, friends and relations, would not cast their gloomy shadow over so many lives as they are permitted to do now.

And, again, when one hears another's character ruthlessly taken away, his reputation blighted beyond hope of restoration, the calumniators would soon cease if their listener were to remark quietly, "Well, I will tell So and-So what you say, and then we shall know for certain whether it is true or not."

It may be objected that this would be turning this busy world into an impossible Arcadia, also that it is not "good form" to speak so plainly; nevertheless, the effect on society in general would be most beneficial.

After all, there is a certain amount of truth in the French proverb. Every day one hears people with smiling lips uttering flowery platitudes to those they both dislike and distrust.

Small change of society, you say, and everyone knows what it is worth, and takes it at its true value. Well and good; but why, then, make such a fuss about blunt outspokenness?

Now, let us glance at the reverse of the medal. Most of us have heard of, or at some time in our lives come across, the "plain-spoken person." This genus is generally represented by a lady of an uncertain age, who prides herself on telling the world her opinions, with a candor as refreshing as it is rare.

When she enters a room a thrill of nervous trepedition runs through the assembled company; each one prepares to be attacked on his or her weakest point, no one knowing exactly on whom the blow will fall first.

Without any regard to time or season, this candid friend gives her opinion and advice, however unpalatable it may be to the recipients thereof.

If this is what is meant by outspokenness, defend us from any more; but of the other, there is not nearly enough.

Life is too short to have its brief span of sunshine darkened by misunderstandings with those we love best.

No one would willingly choose darkness in preference to light, and the time may come when we shall long with an ardent yearning that we had spoken plainly while it was in our power to put things straight.

If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof—who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bond in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bonds thereof are bonds of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instrumens when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo, being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed: "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils!"

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.

While every vice is hid by hypocrisy, every virtue is suspected to be hypocrisy. This excuses the bad from imitating virtue, the ungenerous from rewarding it; and the suspicion is looked upon as wisdom, as if it was not as necessary a part of wisdom to know what to believe as what to reject.

Some things will not bear much zeal; and the more earnest we are about them, the less we recommend ourselves to the approbation of sober and considerate men.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body or fortune, it makes him easy under them.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead.

Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and his desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with grand, glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts which sweep the heavens and "wander through eternity."

With a clear sky, a bright sun and a gentle breeze, you will have friends in plenty; but let Fortune frown, and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends will prove like the strings of the lute, of which you will tighten ten before you find one that will bear the stretch and keep the pitch.

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

It is very sad for a man to make himself servant to a thing, his manhood all taken out of him by the hydraulic pressure of excessive business. I should not like to be merely a great doctor, a great lawyer, a great minister, a great politician—I should like to be also something of a man.

He is a treacherous supplanter and undermiuer of the peace of all families and societies. This being a maxim of an unfailing truth, that nobody ever price into another man's concerns but with a design to do, or to be able to do him a mischief.

Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation!

When, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an ignorant and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

Calumniators are those who have neither good hearts nor good understandings. We ought not to think ill of any one till we have palpable proof; and even then we should not expose them to others.

The difference there is betwixt' honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

The Christian must not only mind Heaven, but attend to his daily calling. Like the pilot who, while his eye is fixed upon the star, keeps his hand upon the helm.

No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's realty, and be presented there for payment.

Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculations; for, never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

We should wish for few things with eagerness, if we perfectly knew the nature of that which was the object of our desire.

The fortunate have many parasites; hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

The World's Happenings.

A family in Mattapoisit, Mass., last year ate 700 pies.

Merchants outnumber lawyers in the Maine Senate.

A threshing machine in England is worked by electricity.

A Trenton thief this week got five years for stealing a 75-cent knife.

It is said that a Carthage, Mo., man was fined 117 times last year for selling liquor.

One police patrol wagon in Boston made 34 trips during a recent Saturday night.

For 130 years China has not been without a rebellion in some portion of the empire.

A Wichita, Kan., clergyman has been asked to resign because his sermons are too long.

From 200 to 400 square miles of the great pine forests of Georgia are cleared every year.

Tuscumbia, county seat of Miller county, Mo., has not had a church building of any kind in 40 years.

An Indiana citizen has followed the example of a Southern man and eloped with his divorced wife.

The paupers in London, exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, a few days ago numbered 100,706.

A Brooklyn cat got into the store of an oyster dealer one night recently and devoured eight quarts of oysters.

It is said that when he is busy in a "round-up," a single cowboy will tire out six or eight horses in a day.

"Does Religion Pay?" is the subject of T. De Witt Talmage's last sermon. He receives a salary of $12,000 a year.

A hen which is said to have hatched and raised 15 chickens from 15 eggs is one of the curiosities of Withlacooche, Fla.

A young physician of Fall River, Mass., is laid up with a disease of the tongue, attributed to excessive cigarette smoking.

A boy at Grand Rapids, Mich., has been arrested for stealing trees from a cemetery with which to embellish his father's lawn.

There are now more prisoners in the Missouri Penitentiary than in any other State prison in the United States. The number is 1831.

An Indiana woman has had no less than five husbands, and is now ready for a sixth, having been divorced from her last one recently.

A justice in Greene county, Ga., with a record of 194 marriages performed, has received but one fee, and that was a bushel of potatoes.

Portuguese sailors have a custom of dressing their ship in mourning on Friday and of hanging an effigy of Judas at the mast-head.

A San Francisco detective, after searching that city all over for a house robber, found him in jail. He had been arrested for opium smoking.

Churchill county, Nevada, is in danger of breaking in two. A crack has recently appeared three feet wide, several miles long, and how deep no one can find out.

An infant in Cincinnati, while being tossed into the air ran its finger into its father's eye, and it is feared the sight has been destroyed. The nail pierced the ball.

Moses Bradshaw, of Claiborne county, Tenn., celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary recently by riding 50 miles on horseback. He made the journey on a wager.

A box of lactate powder and thirty leeches were the evening meal of a pet cat in a Poughkeepsie drug store the other day. The exact cost of the supper was $5.50.

A man has just been released from the Minnesota penitentiary, after serving 10 years for a murder which his brother committed and recently confessed on his death bed.

John Wright, an aged resident of Atlanta, claims to have been suddenly cured of blindness by prayer. His sight left him about three years ago, while he was walking home.

The household of the Emperor of China is to consist of 500 persons, including 30 fan-bearers, 30 umbrella bearers, 30 physicians and surgeons, 73 astrologers, 7 chief cooks and 80 priests.

A Piedmont, S. C., clergyman married a couple and published a notice to that effect before he learned that the contracting parties were men. They wanted to have a little fun at the minister's expense.

It cost a county in Nebraska $2 893.25 to run the poor farm last year. As there were but two paupers, the daily cost per capita was slightly more than three dollars—about the same as a first-class hotel would charge.

Editors and reporters in the Chicago Times office are guarded by a force of private detectives, the idea being that the assaults of the paper upon the police force and the gamblers have made life insecure in the building.

Fire Company No. 10, of Cincinnati, owns a dog which is said to have saved the lives of several firemen. The animal is described as a large, handsome Newfoundland, and is credited with being able to climb a ladder three stories high.

A large box of supposed silver dollars were brought to light by a steam shovel at Tacoma, W. T. The workmen made a rush for the treasure, and all the coins were soon safely stored in pockets. Afterwards the men found, to their great disgust, that the money was counterfeit.

A loving pair, each aged 15 years, out in Comstock, Ill., ran away from home because the girl's teacher reprimanded her, and walked 25 miles to East St. Louis. The lad dressed himself in some of the girl's clothes in order to avoid detection. He expected to procure work in East St. Louis for himself and sweetheart, but before he had an opportunity to carry out his plans the girl's father put in an appearance and took her home.

DROPS OF DEW.

BY A. W. B.

Why do people fret and grumble?
Does it help or mend
Broken hopes, or bind the closer
Love of friend to friend?

"Do your best, and leave the rest,
(Runs an olden song),
Do not fret; never yet
Did it right a wrong."

Pleasant words are quickly spoken,
Drop them, day by day,
All along life's checkered pathway,
They will light your way.

"Drops of dew, when rains are few,
Keep the blossoms bright,
But for them leaf and stem
Soon would fade from sight."

An Unexpected Visit.

BY H. CRESWELL.

IT WAS WITH THE AIR of a man profoundly indifferent to his own success, Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious arm-chair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the Civil Service.

As he thought of the post, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulations, but only one of those grim jests with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man-servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side, and stood at a respectful distance, waiting, half-hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his countenance.

"Well, Thomas?" asked Strickland.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is to-day?"

"No, Thomas."

"Your wedding day, sir!"

Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine as—as you used to have."

"No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club."

"I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and a bouquet, in case——"

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right."

For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating.

How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary better than himself! And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florist the bouquet Gerard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home, on this evening to his wife!

But the slight sense of annoyance passed away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man-servant still waiting, he asked—

"Anything else, Thomas?"

"This morning, when you had but just gone, a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home, she said she would call again this evening, about six o'clock. She wished to see you on very important business."

"Her name?"

"She left none."

"Did you see her?"

"No, sir."

"Did John say what she was like?"

"Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark and fashionably dressed."

"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left, and Strickland continued to himself. "Tall, young, dark, well-dressed, business with me. Who can she be?"

"The lady is here, sir, in the drawing-room," said Thomas, returning to the library, after about ten minutes.

Strickland went to the drawing-room, At the door he paused a moment to steal a look at his visitor.

She stood by one of the tables, idly turning the leaves of a photograph album. Her back was towards him, and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well-dressed, and wearing expensive laces.

"Madam!" he said advancing.

The lady turned. Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To conceal to the best of his ability, his surprise and the sudden pallor of his face, he made her a profound bow.

"I hope I am not inconveniencing you," she said, at the same time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet ease, she selected a chair and sat down.

"Not in the least, I am at your service," said Strickland.

"As I shall avail myself of your condescension, I hope that was not merely a compliment."

"May I ask you how I can oblige you?"

The lady stroked the soft fur of her muff, and once or twice lifted her searching eyes to his face. Apparently she was hesitating to name the purpose of her visit.

Meanwhile, Strickland gratified his eyes with a good look at her, lovely, fascinating still, as the first day he had seen her. Only her pure profile had gained more decision, and her eyes had a profounder meaning than when he last looked into them, as those of a woman who had lived and suffered.

At length she said:

"Are you still corresponding with my father?"

"Yes. It is, however, a fortnight since I last wrote to him."

"I received a letter from him yesterday. He is coming to town to-morrow."

This time Strickland made no attempt to conceal his surprise.

"To-morrow! Your father who never leaves home!"

"The medical men order him to the South coast, and he will, on his way, stop in town to spend the night with—"

"His daughter," said Strickland.

"He says his son. And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment."

She leant back, and with a small hand began drumming a waltz on the table at her side.

"You call it pleasant," said Strickland, mildly.

"I did not come here to discuss words, but to discover a plan of action."

"I see none."

"And you are a politician, a man of genius! If those subtle arts, that have been so successfully employed in your own advancement, could be, without prejudice to you, this once employed to extricate me from—"

"Excuse me, madam; but your reproaches are scarcely likely to assist me to exercise my imagination."

"Bah! Well, I have a plan. First, I do not wish, cost what it may, to let my father know—the truth."

"The unhappy truth!"

She made a little grimace and proceeded:

"My father would be cruelly hurt, and the sins of the children ought not to be visited upon their parents. My remorse—I beg your pardon, that is of little consequence here"—she looked aside to warn him not to expostulate, and continued: "Hitherto, thanks to our precautions, the distance of my father's residence, and the seclusion in which he prefers to live, has been spared this sorrow. To-morrow our clever edifice of dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at the least, am unable to conjecture the consequences."

"And I."

"Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely necessary to prevent this scandal. I trust you will assist me. My father must find us together; and we must avoid everything that would serve to awaken any suspicion at all."

She spoke sadly, as well as earnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her hearer's face. Wrapped in thought, he delayed the answer. His visitor became impatient.

"Your promised courtesy costs too much!" she demanded.

"No. I am ready. But I see my difficulties. The servants?"

"Give the new man-servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas."

"If a friend should call?"

"You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us together."

"We will go in a closed carriage."

"Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple-hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a—bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on, this evening. My room?"

"Is as you left it."

"Sentimentality!"

"No—respect."

"Have you any further objections?"

"None. It remains to be see, whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory, or not."

"By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked sarcastically.

"No! I have forgotten them," replied Strickland, with a frown.

And the two looked into each other's eyes, like two duellists.

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

"This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You are not expecting any one?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant."

"Pray go. We should have to talk, and we have nothing to say to each other."

"Nothing. Will you dine here?"

"No, thanks; I'll go home now, and return by and by."

She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door without another word, and returned with a sense of relief to the library.

When he returned home, shortly after midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it.

Lights were burning in the drawing-room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restored to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets of flowers filled the vases, and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase.

The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work-basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, her little feet half buried in the bear-skin rug, and her head reposed on her hand, whilst she gazed wistfully into the fire.

Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers: Bertha's music. Bertha herself in his home again! Two years' misery cancelled in an evening!

In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night!"

"Good night!" replied his wife, without moving.

The strange event that had taken place in Gerard Strickland's house, prevented none of its inmates enjoying a wholesome night's rest.

Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could effect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a hotel.

Strickland, similarly regarding the past as irremediable, read in bed for half an hour, and then fell asleep.

To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table-d'hote, Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his secluded country house, and ultimately, assisted by the lady's prayers and tears, gained the old man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter.

The young married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of remarkable happiness, and then came the end.

Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented, with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland and a former flame, a dance, a note, half-an-hour's conversation.

The husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful insouciance of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding.

An impudent servant, a malicious acquaintance, half-a-dozen venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealousy into madness. An explanation demanded from her husband, was refused with a sneer. He began to think her a proud unloving woman, and, under the circumstances, judged self-justification ridiculous.

The following morning she entered his library, and with marvellous calmness, without quavering over a single word, announced to him their immediate separation,—for ever.

Taken by surprise, Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly, and with so much severity, that self-respect forbade him further self-defence.

They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, concluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact.

The husband and wife met two or three times, as people who barely know each other. He devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of his bachelor habits, and amused himself as he could.

She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her pleasures to such simple enjoyments as she could provide herself at home and seldom appearing in public.

On one point both agreed to write regularly to Bertha's father repeating such stereotyped phrases as "Bertha is well, and sends her love. I believe she wrote to you a few days ago." "Gerard is well, and at present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the seaside."

It will be easily believed that to go to her husband's house and to ask a favor of him had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. For papa's sake; for papa's sake!" she repeated to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliation, which, however, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably lessened.

If he would be equally considerate on the morrow, a little spirit, a little self command, and some clever pretending might enable them safely to conduct her father through the few hours to be spent in town, to see him off from Victoria, and, with a polite bow, to separate and return to their several existences.

* * * * * *

Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of necessity smiled too.

Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by their Christian names, and to use the little endearments of two married people still in love.

More than once, a word, an intonation, that sounded like an echo of the dead past, made Strickland pale, and Bertha tremble. Their embarrassment momentarily increased.

The more perfect their dissimulation, the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them, whilst they exchanged for meaningless things words, looks and smiles, once the most sacred signs, of affection.

With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving last, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feelings warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other.

On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, preceding them, was for an instant out of sight Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant "How are we going to continue this any longer?"

"'Tis only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied in an undertone, wishing to help. But the Christian name which, because he had in the last two hours used so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips), caused her to turn her face away with an angry frown.

By the fire in the back drawing-room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a desire to ask all the awkward questions, and to broach all the topics of conversation most difficult for his host and hostess.

"Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "when people cannot meet, but I have enjoyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in the letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day."

"And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters are all about you. You have a model husband, my dear."

"I have, papa."

Strickland hung his head and regarded the pattern of the carpet.

"I should like to see your house, Bertha," said Mr. Gregory, after a moment.

The little party set out on a tour of the mansion. After an inspection of several rooms, as Strickland preceded them into the breakfast room, the father stopped his daughter and said:

"Bertha, what have you done with your mother's portrait?"

"The frame had got shabby and we have sent it to be re-gilt," replied the daughter promptly.

"Where does it generally hang?"

"There."

She assigned to the picture, which she had taken away with her, on the partition, the first empty space on the wall that met her eye.

"I don't think that is a very good place!" said the old man. "Ah, what a woman! You should have known her, Strickland. You owe her your wife. When she was leaving me, poor dear! she made me promise never to hesitate to make any sacrifice that should be for Bertha's happiness; and so when my little girl came to me and said, 'Papa, I can never be happy without Gerard,' I thought of my dear wife, and let her go. I feared when I sent her abroad, I should lose her. Well, you were made for each other. Do you remember your first meeting in Paris?"

They remembered it.

The tour of the house was completed and they returned to the drawing-room, Gerard and his wife congratulating themselves, not

without reason, that the good papa was not very observant, for many a token of something abservant had been plain enough.

* * * * * *

With a common sigh of relief, the two actors sank into their respective corners of their carriage, after seeing Mr Gregory off the next morning from Victoria. Not a word was spoken. Bertha watched the drops of rain that trickled down the windows. Gerard studied the back of the coachman. They had again become strangers.

Presently, moving accidentally, Strickland touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Pray do not mention it."

Perfect strangers! Yet both in the silence were anxiously meditating every event of the last few hours, remembering the most trifling impressions, and studying all they signified. As they came near a cross street the husband asked:

"Shall I drive you to your own house?"

"I am coming to yours, to superintend the packing. My maid cannot do it alone."

On arriving, the wife at once went to her chamber. Strickland, conscious of utter purposelessness, returned to the back drawing-room and took up the paper. Bertha paced backward and forward. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her moving about the room. At last he looked up.

"You will tire yourself," he said; "cannot I assist you?"

"No, thank you. I have nearly done."

A few minutes later she came and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire. She appeared tired. As she sat, she looked around to see if anything had been forgotten.

"I think it rains less," said Strickland, who had laid down the paper.

"No. It rains just the same as before.

"Is the carriage ready?"

"I have sent to know."

The carriage would be ready in ten minutes. Those ten minutes seemed an eternity. When the servant entered to say the carriage waited. Bertha rose, and stood for a little while before the mirror, arranging her laces and ribbons, with difficulty, for her fingers trembled. Then she slowly drew on her gloves, and turned toward her husband. He had risen and was standing waiting.

"Good morning," she said bowing slightly.

He bowed, but made no reply. She turned, and quietly, with calm, even steps, walked from the room. She could hear that he followed her.

They were in the hall. Suddenly he stepped to her side.

"Bertha! You are not going without first forgiving me?" he exclaimed, in a voice in which grief mingled with passion.

She turned round, and in an instant had thrown herself into his arms.

"Darling! you will never leave me again?"

"No, no, love. Never!"

A Glad Surprise.

BY KATE BYRD.

She was so accustomed to being petted, flattered, fawned on. She knew she was generally spoken of as the rich Miss Forrester, while occasionally she had heard herself described as the pretty Miss Forrester. She was not in the least spoiled by the homage paid her possibly, because the epithet calling attention to her possessions was so much more frequently prefixed to her name than that which was descriptive of her person.

During her first season, she was just a lovable girl, charmingly frank and free from affectation. She was interested in everything she saw; gracious to every one who tried to please her. And at the end of the season she was still heart-whole. She had been asked in marriage by many. At first this had greatly disturbed her. She had read, somewhere, that a true woman never permits a man to make her an offer of marriage unless she be prepared to regard him as her future husband. But she, Nellie Forrester, had received offers from many men for whom she had no warmer feeling than that of natural kindliness. Alas! she thought, how could she be a true woman? This was a very distressing reflection.

At length a way out of this difficulty suggested itself, which while it did not impugn the truth of what the great writer had said, was highly satisfactory, in so far as it exonerated Nellie from all blame in the matter.

She would henceforth regard the offers, to which she had been forced to listen, as having been made to the rich Miss Forrester, whose wealth was alone to be held responsible for them. She need not, therefore, upbraid herself, seeing that no luckless lover had ever pleaded in vain to the pretty Miss Forrester.

When the season was over, Nellie returned to her old home in the country with her maiden aunt. There was a tacit understanding that until Nellie married she was to spend part of each year in town with her sister, Mrs Travers.

Nothing was said to her about this hopedfor matrimonial climax, Mrs Travers well knowing she would resent any plain speaking on the subject.

Still it is but reasonable to suppose she knew with what object her sister's doors were so hospitably thrown open to her.

Not, however, in a crowded reception room, but in the more congenial atmosphere of her country home, did Nellie learn the sweetness of love's young dream.

It was while she wandered down shady lanes, and inhaled the scent of new-mown hay, that she grew to love Sir Linley Beville.

He was staying at the Manor, and an introduction to the prim Miss Forrester's charming niece followed as a matter of course.

Not one syllable of love had been breathed between them when Sir Linley's visit came to an end. There had been a pretence of teaching Nellie botany; that was all.

She had stumbled over the hard words, and laughed at her own blunders, and they had been very merry, very happy together.

"Good-bye, Miss Forrester. I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on Mrs Travers as soon as she is in town," Sir Linley had said.

Nellie had hastened to assure him her sister, Gwen, would be very glad to see him. "And so shall I," she had added, with charming frankness.

He had held her hand while he made his polite little speech, and she had not attempted to withdraw it. Perhaps she was unconscious of its detention.

True to his promise, Sir Linley Beville lost no time in calling on Mrs Travers. That discreet young matron received him very graciously. He was not rich, but he was of good family, appeared to be a most suitable young man, and if Nellie liked him, well—there was no objection to her marrying him.

And then followed that which generally does follow when a man and a maid, moving in the same social circle, are mutually attracted.

They met everywhere, crossed each other's paths so naturally, that it would almost have seemed as if their constant encounters were due to some unrecognised force, which drew each to the same spot, rather than to design on either side.

Oh, happy, foolish, never-to-be-forgotten days!—Who cannot look back at some such period in his own life, to regret it can never, never return, even while he smiles at its absurdities.

Nellie was, however, too great a matrimonial prize for her numerous suitors to allow their rival to go in and win without making many an attempt to steal a march on him.

The poor little heiress began to get thoroughly out of patience with those pushing young men. They were so intensely stupid; they never seemed to know when they were *de trop*; which, truth to tell, was nearly always.

She grew more restless day by day. At length she began to wish Sir Linley would speak.

"If only he would tell me the old, old story," she thought, "which I am so tired of hearing from other lips, I should, perhaps, know from his manner of telling it if I might dare to trust him. Oh, it is dreadful to have grown so suspicious! I think Gwen should have told me that every unmarried man to whom I was introduced would propose at the end of three weeks; and then I should have known better than to have subjected myself to such humiliation."

In thus thinking Nellie was certainly unfair to her married sister. It was true Mrs. Travers had whispered no word of warning into her ear; but it had not taken Nellie long to discover the disadvantages of her position, and her first season in town could have been her last, had she so willed it. Mrs. Travers would have been grievously disappointed, and would probably have given to her disappointment in no mild terms; but there the matter would have ended. Poor Nellie was, however, rapidly getting into that unhappy frame of mind when to blame somebody or something is imperative.

On the evening of the day on which Nellie had murmured these unavailing regrets Mrs. Travers was at home to a select few of presumably intellectual friends. A gentleman had promised to read a paper treating of a subject upon which he was a recognized—one might almost say, the recognized—authority. Mrs. Travers had had much trouble to secure him, and she could hardly keep her satisfaction from becoming indecorous, as, in the few words of welcome which she addressed to each guest, she introduced the great man's name at least three times in every minute.

At first Mrs. Travers was very doubtful whether her "intellectual treats," as she called her Thursday evening receptions, would be approved of by Nellie, for the girl had never affected to be clever.

The young matron's mind was, however soon set at rest on this point. Never having pretended to any distinctly intellectual acquirements, Nellie was free to confess her ignorance. This she did with such charming *naïveté*, that even the most pedantide thought none the worse of her for it; while several old gentlemen, whose learning was believed to be something well-nigh inconceivable, were often observed to pause in an animated discussion, to address a few appreciative remarks to the bright-looking girl, who was at all times so pleasantly unaffected.

Of late, Sir Linley Reville had taken to coming regularly on Tuesdays. Mrs. Travers did not ask him why he had so suddenly developed an interest in matters literary and scientific, nor did he volunteer an explanation. There were also other young men besides Sir Linley whose attendance was undoubtedly due to Miss Forrester's presence.

On this particular evening, Sir Linley approached Nellie, and began speaking to her in that confidential tone which of late he had assumed towards her.

"Is it very bulky, Miss Forrester? I can't manage to get a good look at it; he keeps twisting it round and round."

He was alluding to the paper which the man of science was about to read.

"Really, Sir Linley, I haven't noticed," replied Nellie, with just a suspicion of irritability in her tone. She was still smarting under a sense of the disadvantages of her position.

Nellie saw that all the guests were comfortably settled, and then she quietly took a chair herself.

She and Sir Linley were generally so placed that they could exchange meaning glances if anything were said out of which the slightest fun could be extracted.

This evening, however, Nellie seated herself at the other end of the room, and purposely kept her gaze riveted on the lecturer, until he had read the last word of his paper.

Then, after the usual somewhat formal discussion, during which all the guests kept their seats, the conversation became general.

Nellie went round, saying a word to first one and then another, and introducing those whom she thought would like to know each other.

At length, when the people seemed to have "grouped themselves satisfactorily," as Mrs Travers was fond of saying, Nellie felt that for the present nothing more was required of her.

Her duties over for the time being, Nellie sank wearily into an easy chair, which was screened from view.

She was aware two young men were talking just on the other side of the curtain, but she was in no humor to listen to them.

Sir Linley had at last taken the hint her changed manner conveyed by absenting himself from her side.

She was brooding over this, and was already inclined to upbraid herself for conduct that she felt must to him be unintelligible, when her thoughts were interrupted by fancying she heard her own name mentioned.

"My dear fellow, we may just as well condole with each other as quarrel, seeing that neither of us stands a ghost of a chance."

"It will place me in a very trying position if what you say is true."

"Oh, it's true enough. And a lucky fellow he is, too, to secure such a prize as that! It'll just about set him on his legs again."

"Do you imagine his affairs to be in a critical condition, then?"

"His estate, I believe, is worth a mere nothing, and I should be very much surprised if it were not mortgaged to its full value."

"It's a most extraordinary thing the luck some men have!"

Nellie did not wait to hear the reply to this philosophical observation. She fled and took refuge in the library. She never could clearly recall all that happened afterwards. She remembered that her cheeks were burning with indignation, and bitter tears of resentment filled her eyes to overflowing. To be spoken of as a sort of machine patented to put men on their legs again! But they were all making a great mistake. They would find, when they tried to put the machine in motion, that it wouldn't work, and that they had only wasted time and dignity in oiling it so freely with flattery. And then—she could never tell whether he had followed her from the reception-room, or had merely strolled into the library by chance—but there, standing before her, looking down at her with kindly solicitude, was the "lucky fellow;" the man who had "secured the prize;" the one whom she was to "put on his legs again."

Of what followed, she retained but the confused recollection. She knew that she quite broke down, behaved like any silly school-girl, as she told herself afterwards in trying to recall the scene; that Sir Linley used endearing terms in speaking to her, which even in her distress, and her determination to be henceforth a prize which no man should secure, thrilled her with momentary joy; she had a hazy idea that once he attempted to caress her, but that must have been when her tears were flowing most freely. She knew she openly accused him of mercenary motives, and the pained expression that swept over his face lived in her memory for many a long day. Hazy and confused as her recollection of the interview was, she remembered every word of his parting speech.

"I have been mistaken in you, Miss Forrester. I thought you were so unspotted by the world that you would believe my love for you to be disinterested. I did not wish to be precipitate. I should not have spoken to-night had not the sight of your distress surprised me into saying far more than I intended. I knew that if I asked you to be my wife, my conduct might very possibly be misunderstood by outsiders, but I did not think you would misconstrue it. However, in wishing you good-bye, I will promise to trouble you no more."

Then he went, leaving behind him, as Nellie firmly believed, the most miserable girl in all London.

She passed a wretched night, and rose in the morning feeling so depressed and generally out of sorts, that she would gladly have remained in her room, had she not dreaded being questioned as to the cause of her despondency.

No, she would not give way; she would do her best to put a bold face on the matter.

There was nothing she would dislike more than being pointed at as a love-lorn maiden.

So she prepared to accompany her sister on a shopping expedition, which had already been planned, trying her hardest to look as if nothing had happened.

She supposed Gwen would have to be told she had refused Sir Linley.

While they were out together would be a good time to introduce the subject.

She would state the bare fact, and unless Gwen were observant enough to discover how distressed she was, she would say nothing more.

Nellie did not, however, find it at all easy to introduce the subject. Mrs. Travers' whole heart was in her shopping, and she had no idea that only by a great effort could Nellie bring herself to take any interest in her sister's purchases.

At length Nellie thought she would make a desperate plunge.

"Oh, Gwen, last night——" she began, hurriedly.

There were passing a florist's as Nellie spoke, and Mrs. Travers interrupted her to exclaim—

"Nellie, do just look at those flowers! Did you ever see anything so exquisite! I must order some."

Nellie looked pensively at the flowers, as her sister completed her purchase. She was thinking of the days when Sir Linley had tried to teach her botany.

The sight of the flowers changed the whole tenor of her thoughts.

She would not, could not, bring herself to believe that the man whom she had learned to love when she had been "far from the madding crowd", and the sordid influence of fashionable life, was less noble than she had then thought him to be.

She would not tell her sister what had occurred the night before, lest it should prejudice her against Sir Linley!

She had sent her lover away from her, and she felt he would never return, but she would at least reserve to herself the sorry comfort of believing he had really loved her, and that she had nothing but her own perverseness to thank for her present very real unhappiness.

As the two sisters resumed their walk, the florist's assistant looked after them with much interest. She knew well by sight, and had heard what a rich young lady Miss Forrester was. The poor girl had a sick mother and a number of younger brothers and sisters. She was "keeping company" with a young man whom she dearly loved, and who was most anxious to make her his wife; but she did not know how long it would be before she could, consistently with duty, leave her mother and the little ones, for her earnings made a considerable addition to the family purse.

"How nice it must be to be rich!" she thought, as she watched Nellie's retreating figure. "But there, the minister says it ain't right to envy people. Still, it does seem hard sometimes to think some should be so rich and others so poor."

That afternoon Sir Linley called. He was shown into a room full of visitors, and during the quarter of an hour he stayed he took but little notice of Nellie. Although she had told herself again and again he would never renew his offer, it was with much dismay that she heard him tell Mrs. Travers he intended starting for Norway in a week's time, and, as he had much to arrange before his departure, he feared he should not have the pleasure of seeing her again until after his return.

After that, Nellie took to studying the geography of Norway. It was the only thing that interested her, for in truth she was very unhappy. She tried, however, to hide her distress, but she could not help thinking her sister and brother-in-law noticed the change that had come over her. They were so very, very good to her, showing their care and solicitude for her at every turn. And then their eyes followed her about with such tender, regretful glances.

Often, when she entered a room unexpectedly, they would suddenly cease speaking, as if she had been the theme of their conversation; and once she was almost sure she heard them mention Sir Linley's name.

She had ceased to care for society, and they did not urge it on her, seeming almost relieved when time after time she asked to be left at home.

"Sir Linley Beville."

Nellie started. Surely her ears must have deceived her. But no, there was Sir Linley shaking hands with Mrs. Travers, when Nellie believed him to have started three weeks before for a six month's tour in Norway.

He had come, too, out of calling hours, which was another extraordinary proceeding.

However, he was evidently no longer interested in her.

He just greeted her, and then addressed himself almost exclusively to Mrs. Travers.

Then, without any apparent reason, without even so much as a word of apology, Mrs. Travers walked out of the room. Nellie could almost have called after her to come back.

"I thought you were in Norway, Sir Linley."

The remark could hardly be said to be original, because Nellie had already made it twice before.

However, she could think of nothing else to say, and anything was better than an awkward silence.

"I did get as far as Christiania, Miss Forrester.

This again was information which Sir Linley had furnished for the third time that afternoon.

"Why did you return so unexpectedly?"

No sooner had Nellie formed the words than she realised what a fatal mistake she had made.

Sir Linley rose from his seat and stood before her.

"That is just what I want to tell you, Miss Forrester."

There was no hesitation, no awkwardness about the man. He had evidently come of set purpose, which he meant to carry through.

"I wonder where Gwen is?" said Nellie.

"Mrs. Travers has very considerately left us alone, so that I may explain the purport of my visit. When I asked you to be my wife, Miss Forrester, you attributed to me, if you remember, interested motives, and I, stung by injustice, declared I would trouble you no more. I have since thought, however, that I took you by surprise, that you were much agitated, and may perhaps, have said things which you did not wholly mean. I have now come to assure you, on my word of honor as an English gentleman, that I love you as a man should love the woman he asks to be his wife. It is true I'm not rich; still, I am in a position to surround my wife with every reasonable luxury. If you say that you still doubt me, or that you cannot bring yourself to love me, I will trouble you no more my dear; but if——"

"Oh, Sir Linley, why are you so harsh to me?"

"Harsh to you, my darling—harsh? Oh, you little know!"

She certainly had no cause to again complain of his harshness.

He called her every endearing name he could think of: he threw his arms protectingly round her, and gently drew her head down on his shoulder, stroking her hair fondly as she stammered out her little explanation:—

"They said your estate was mortgaged, and that you only wanted to marry me so that I might set you on your legs again," she said half laughing, while the tears got into her voice.

"The information supplied by 'they' was certainly not of an exceptionally reliable character, as never before have my affairs been in so prosperous a condition as they now are. But, Nellie, supposing I had wanted setting on my legs again, would you have begrudged part of your large fortune for such a purpose?"

"You would be welcome to every farthing of it now. It wasn't the money that I minded then, but I thought——Oh, Linley, don't you see what I mean?"

"But you will never think so any more dearest?"

"Never, never. I won't even have my money settled on myself. I won't have it tied up tight, as the lawyer says. It shall be yours, all yours, to do exactly as you like with."

"Yes, I think that it will be the best thing Nellie."

"Linley, dear, I want to tell you how glad I am you have come back to me. I was such a miserable girl all the time you were away; and now I don't think I ever can feel really unhappy again."

Sir Linley's answer need not be chronicled.

Notwithstanding Nellie's declaration that she did not think she could ever feel unhappy again, she certainly looked so about six weeks later, when she came into her lover's presence.

"Why, what's the matter, Nellie?" he cried—startled by the gravity of her expression.

She put her hands on his shoulders—a favorite attitude of hers—and looked tearfully into his face.

"Linley, I have something terrible to tell you. I haven't any money at all. It is all gone, every penny."

"Who has been telling you this?" asked Sir Linley sharply.

"It is quite true, dear. Mr. Thorn, my solicitor, says so."

"But I was particularly anxious that you should hear nothing of this for the present at least."

She looked perplexed as he spoke.

"Do you mind very much?" she asked anxiously, while her lips quivered. "I will try so hard to be all that you would wish your wife to be."

"I would rather have told you myself that which you have now heard from others."

"But did you know about it, then?"

She held her breath as she waited for the answer to her question.

"If I hadn't known about it, I dare say I should have reached the North Cape by this time."

"Then when you came back to me you knew I was absolutely penniless?"

"Precisely. But you took me for your future husband, offering to give me control over the whole of your fortune. I am satisfied, and more than satisfied, to take the will for the deed. Do you mind much, my darling, now that your riches have taken to themselves wings and flown? For the future you will have to depend on your husband, and that in my opinion, is the right order of things."

She thought a moment.

"Linley, if I had not lost my money, you would have never come back to me?"

"Dearly as I loved you, I could never again have asked you to marry me while there was any possibility of your thinking me a fortune-hunter."

She looked up smiling brightly.

"Then, Linley, I'm glad it's gone. My money never brought me a day's happiness, while you——"

"Will do my best to make your life as cloudless as your face is now."

HAD NEVER SEEN HIM MARRIED.—A certain clergyman relates with much gusto the following story about himself. His present wife, by the way, is not the wife of his youth, nor of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and, as a consequence, the doctor's set of olive branches spring from diverse maternal ancestry.

"Such a condition of affairs," said the doctor, "might at times become embarrassing except for the thorough amiability of all concerned.

I confess, however, to a slightly discomforted feeling when, shortly before my third marriage, I was approached by one of my daughters, a girl of nine, and one who called my second wife mother, with the question—

"'Papa, will you let me go to see you married? I have never been at any of your weddings.'"

JUDGING OF CHARACTER.

"THE proper study of mankind is man," is the way a certain scientific man greeted an interviewer who called the other day to learn something about the art of reading human nature. "This faculty of reading a man at a glance," he continued "is extremely interesting, and enables one to discriminate wisely in business as well as in social life. It is also a great aid in making a selection of friends and associates, and it often saves one from becoming the dupe and victim of unscrupulous and designing persons."

"What are the signs," queried the interviewer, "by which an ordinary person can judge the character of a stranger?"

"Well," answered the scientific man, "by the eyes, the hair, the nose, the mouth, the forehead, the chin, and last, but not least, by the walk. In my opinion this faculty should be included in the education of youth, and every person should become thoroughly familiar with the fundamental principles, at least. It is a well-known fact that animals possess in a large degree this talent—in fact, it could be called an intuitive perception of character. This is more especially manifest in the more intelligent classes of animals; for instance, observe how a cat, a horse, or a dog will watch and read the character of their masters, and acting as though upon the conclusions thus drawn, regulate their conduct. Women have also in a large degree the faculty of reading human nature, and their conclusions are usually correct.

"But," he continued, "to go into detail we'll commence with the eyes, the most eloquent feature of the countenance. In fact, they are miniature windows through which every desire, passion, and impulse looks out, and differ widely in color, brightness, size, shape, and expression. For instance, a large, bright eye denotes quick perception, and is indicative of great susceptibility to external influences, while small, dull, sunken eyes will retain impressions longer. Beautiful eyes, with finely arched eyebrows, when found in a man, indicate one of truly refined artistic nature, and one who is an ardent admirer, an appreciator of symmetry, elegance, and loveliness wherever they appear."

"How about beautiful eyes in women?" asked the reporter.

"Why, when beautiful eyes, with finely arched eyebrows, appear in a woman they denote a character fond of dress, pleasure, music, and other artistic pursuits, although at times they are indicative of a sensual, spiteful nature. Large, full eyes, resembling a cat's, are indicative of a timid, treacherous nature, and the possessor of such eyes will seem frightened and apprehensive when engaged in conversation with you."

"When you meet a person possessed of a black eye you must look out; they are apt to be artful, crafty, treacherous, and always scheming. Secretive in a marked degree, they are possessed of unrelenting malignity, and when once resolved upon an undertaking are thoroughly reckless. Beware of putting confidence in persons possessed of such eyes. While the majority of black are bad, some of them are exceptions, indicating frankness, warm affection, and a great degree of character.

"Blue eyes, or I might add," he continued, "light eyes, because they are in the same category as a rule, are cunning. Being full of tactics they keep their secrets well and are like snakes in the grass. While professing the greatest friendship for you they are likely to be plotting your ruin. Like black eyes, there are some exceptions, and these exceptions make warm friends, being amiable, truthful, affectionate. Once perverted to evil, however, they will assume the character above described and seek your ruin. Lastly, in speaking of the eyes, let me call your attention to grey eyes. These, taken as a rule, make good friends, although possessed of a good deal of secretiveness, and persons having such eyes are generally painstaking, intelligent, and thrifty.

"The forehead," he continued, "is another important factor in the general make-up of a person. It is the seat of great reason, and here intellectual powers reside. Directly over the eyes are located the perceptive faculties, and directly over these, and occupying the upper part of the forehead, are the reflective faculties, the literary powers being found between the two. A person, therefore, possessing a wide, high forehead generally has quick perception and great intelligence."

"How about the mouth?" said the reporter. "What important part does that play in reading the character of a person's appearance?"

"A very important one," answered the scientist; "a large mouth belongs to a coarse, vulgar person. Lips with a cherry redness and a cushioned appearance, belong to domestic natures, fond of kissing and caresses; they make affectionate friends. Lips on the other hand, that are thin, denote a deal of self-control, and an indication of coldness and unsociability. You have often seen persons with their lips habitually open. Well, they belong to a class that thirst for notoriety, applause, and commendation. Generally speaking they are deficient in passions and emotions.

"One of the most eloquent and important features in the general make up of a person's character is the nose.

"When wide and prominent, it indicates a character strong in its composition and one determined to accomplish everything undertaken.

"Indicative as it is of a commercial nature, a person with such a nose would make a good business man, while the opposite type of nose—i. e., narrow—is indicative of rather an effeminate character, with a great deficiency in business pursuits.

"When turned up, as yours is, it denotes a prying and inquisitive character. Should the nose be the reverse, however—that is convex, like an eagle's beak—look out for the possessor of such a proboscis; as he is exceedingly revengeful, never forgetting an injury and never forgiving one.

"Perhaps you don't think it, but the chin is another guide to character," continued the man of science. "A broad, full one shows strong unchanging affection; and a narrow one, while possessed of more intensity, lacks in power and constancy. A pointed chin is an adjunct to a warm and impulsive character. The square, massive chin, though, is the indicator of a strong, determined, and persistent character, and one possessed of great will power.

"Lastly comes the hair, black belonging to the bilious temperament, thereby giving much power, strength, and great endurance to the possessor, while light hair is indicative of fineness and delicacy of organization, and denotes the lighter or less robust type of character. Auburn hair denotes a delicate physical organization.

"And now," said this human-nature reader, "my time is drawing to a close, and I shall have to stop, touching slightly upon that last great requisite in the make up of a character—the walk. Every one has a style of gait peculiar to himself or herself, denoting firmness, decision of character, fickleness and instability. Those who step firmly may be regarded as possessing a firmness and solidity of character, while a light step indicates that the possessor is of a mirthful disposition, and apt to be secretive. A graceful step belongs to a person who transacts his business in an easy manner. The brisk rapid walker is a person of ambition, energy and hopefulness, while those of a shuffling gait are in almost every case traitors, usually resorting to treason and stratagem to accomplish their ends."

THE EGG THAT WOULDN'T HATCH—"I never knawed myse'," said the old man, "but wan animal as got downright killed by care, and that was a hen."

"A hen!"

"Ias, sir. It happened up to Penhellick, the las' year I stayed 'long wi' lawyer Minear. 'Twas a reg'lar fool-body, this hen—a black Minorcy she were; but no egg iver laid were fuller o' meat than she o' good feelin' an' principle! But high principle in a bu'fiel, sed'n, like a fish bone i' the throat—useful, but out o' place."

"Well, sir th' ould Minnear wan day bought a baker's dozen o' pore'lain eggs over to Sommercourt Fair; beautiful eggs they were, and you cudn' tell mun from real 'cept by the weight. The very next day, findin' as his Minorcy were layin' for a brood i' the loft above the cowshed, he takes up the true egg while the old fowl were away, an' sets a pore'lain egg in place of et. In co'se, back comes the hen, an' bein' a daft body, as I told 'ee, and not used to these 'ere refinements o' civilisashun, niver doubts but 'tis the same as she laid. 'Twarn't long afore her'd a-laid sax more, an' then her sets to work to hatch mun all out.

"Nat'rally, arter awhile the brood was all hatched out 'ceptin' o' course, the pore'lain egg. The mother didn't take no suspishon but 'twere all right, only a bit stubborn. So she sot down an' cor more an' did all a hen cud do to hatch that chique. No good; 'twudn' budge. You niver seed a fowl that hurled in m'ind, but niver a thought of givin' in. No, sir, 'twasn't her way. Her jes' cocked her head as ant, tuk a long look at the cussed thing, an' said so plain as looks cud say, 'well, I've a-laid this egg an' I reckon I've a-got to hatch et and of et takes me to th' aluminum, I'll see et out.'"

"'The millenium,' corrected his listener, who was much interested.

"Not bein' over-eddicated, sir," said the narrator with unconscious severity, "that ould hen, I reckon, said aluminum.' But niver mind. Her sot an' sot, an' kept on sittin' and neglected the rest o' they chicks for what seemingly in her was her call o' duty, till wan by wan they all died. 'Twas pitiful, sir, an' the wust was to see her lay so much store by that egg. The ould Minnear was for taking et away, but twud ha' broke her heart. As 'twas, what wi' anx'ity an' too little food, her wore to a shadow.

"I seed her boun to die any way; an' wan afternoon, as I was in the cowshed, I heard a weakly sort o' cluckin' overhead, an' went up to look. 'Twas too late, sir. Th' ould hen was laying alongbeside the egg, glasin' at et in a dimmy sort o' way an' breathin' terribly hard. When I comes she gi'es a look same as to say, 'I reckon I've a-got to go. I've a-been a mother to that there egg, an' I'd ha' liked to see't through afore I went. But seemingly 'twarn't ordained.' An' wi' that there was a kind of a flutter, an' when I turned her over I seed her troubles were done. That fowl, sir, had *passed*."

A SHORT time since a lady in a store in Cincinnati was detected in the act of clandestinely putting a packet of gloves in her pocket. On being accused of theft, she wept bitterly, said she had no intention of stealing the gloves, handed the merchant a twenty dollar bill, and told him to take his pay out of it. He did so, giving her fifteen dollars in change and at night, on making up his cash accounts, he discovered that the bill was counterfeit.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A despatch from Detroit says: A new method of helping an early-closing movement was put in operation at Red Jacket, a large copper mining town in Lake Superior region. All the business men agreed to close their stores at eight o'clock except Yalowstein & Co. The first night the new order of things was put in operation, 100 clerks entered Yalowstein's store, each smoking a cheap cigar, and began looking over the goods. They soon cleared the store of all the lady customers. They attempted no violence, made no noise, simply smoked them out. The clerks said they will keep it up.

A new trick just been discovered at Whatcom, Washington Territory, has almost taken away the breath of the Federal officials, for they know that it must have been very successful for a time. The large number of squaws coming into the country from British Columbia lately attracted the attention of an official, and he took a party of them to jail. On close inspection it was found that the creatures were not squaws at all, but able-bodied Chinamen who had painted and otherwise disguised themselves so as to resemble the typical Indian squaw of the frontier. In one instance two young and rather comely Chinese women came across in the garb of American women.

"It is amusing to watch a stranger on one of the street cars in Valparaiso," says a letter from Santiago, Chili. "The stranger first gazes all around for the conductor, and then a look of surprise steals over his face as he sees a pretty young woman coming down the aisle and collecting the fares. The fact is that during the recent wars in which Chili has been engaged, all of the able-bodied men, including car conductors, were pressed into service. The conductors' places had to be supplied by girls. They made themselves so popular, that, although the men have since been mustered out of service, the girls continued to hold their positions."

A man who was condemned to death for murder a short time ago, and is at present confined in an Austrian prison having resolved to commit suicide by starvation is, says a Vienna correspondent, being fed by force twice every twenty-four hours. The means employed to feed him are the following. In presence of the prison doctor, a screw is with great difficulty driven in between his teeth. His mouth is kept open by wooden wedges. An india-rubber tube is then put down his throat, and he is made to take a sufficient quantity of milk gruel to keep him alive. He sturdily resists the operation, during the progress of which he has to be bound hand and foot.

A Chicago women suffered so terrible from tight shoes while at the theatre last, at the end of the first act, she took the advice of her husband and removed the footgear. After that she was in clover until the performance was over. Then she almost fainted to find that her feet had so swelled that the shoes would go no more than over the toes. Her husband, however, again came to her rescue, and suggested that she wrap the shoes in her programme and walk home—only about a half a block distant—in her stocking feet. She followed his advice, but the cold which went through her body as she stepped on the cold pavement prompted her to resolve never again to go shoeless through the winter again even if she had to remain in a theatre for a week.

Private weather observers in Massachusetts and Connecticut have been searching their records to find a parallel for the current winter. One observer unsuccessfully hunted back 40 years. A Windsor (Conn.) man's memory takes him back to the winter 1815-16, which he says was exceptionally mild. "Dandelions were in bloom all winter, pond lily leaves took the place of ice in the ponds, while the boys longed in vain for skating and went barefooted on sunny days. The following summer was fully as memorable, there being snow storms which killed all the crops out of the ground. The corn was twice destroyed. Snow squalls were not unfrequent that season, and in autumn the harvests made a poor showing."

A New York woman says: "I would rather have a man's opinion about my gowns any time than a woman's. He does not know once out of a hundred times what the material is, or what it is worth. He does know, however, whether or not it is becoming. Now a woman will sit up in your room and tell you what a beautiful gown it is. All the while she is looking you over from head to foot, saying to herself, the gown cost so much, the trimming so much and the buttons so much. You can see that she thinks that she could have bought the gown for $20 less, and have it made up in a much prettier way. If the gown pleases a man he shows it in his looks and, perhaps, says something pleasant about the gown. Whether he says anything or not, if he likes it, his look of approbation is more than satisfactory, while if the gown is not pretty or becoming, he simply doesn't notice it. That is the way of a man. He never sees a thing, that is not attractive, and is quick to appreciate one that is."

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust advice upon others it is usually because we suspect their weakness: but we ought rather suspect our own.

Our Young Folks.

THE GREAT SNOW BATTLE.

BY F. J. C.

"AND the rascal seized me by the waist and pitched me into a snow bank!"

Thus Cecil ended the recital of his snowballing adventure to a little circle of friends at St. George's school.

He might have told how he found Jim Bennett, the grocer's assistant—a sturdy fellow of eighteen—pelting a fair-haired, timid boy, and that he attacked the coward single handed; and after planting several snowballs in his face, and enabling the little fellow to escape, had finally been seized and tumbled into the slushy snow by his adversary.

"What a shame!" cried a half a dozen voices in one breath.

"It was a horrid trick to play a fellow," continued Cecil. "The snow was soft, and I went down, down, and got nearly wet through, and my mouth, and nose, and ears, and neck were just choked up with dirty snow."

"Let's waylay him this afternoon," said his companions. "The school has been insulted, and its honor must therefore be avenged!"

"I think we'd better let that matter rest," said Cecil quietly. "I am satisfied," he added, a smile passing over his face, "and we had better not have anything to do with such cowardly actions as that."

But his companions were of a different opinion; and, knowing the offender, two of their number awaited for him that evening and gave him battle.

The youth fought gamely but was overmatched by the two boys, whose indignation was kindled, and were determined to avenge the insult their companion had received.

"You look out to-morrow, young gentlemen," shouted the vanquished enemy as he disappeared at a brisk trot. "If me and my mates don't come and give you St. Georgers such a taste of snowballing as'll satisfy you for the whole winter, my name ain't Jim Bennett."

"Bah! we can't play snowballs with fellows like you," said Dick Stone; "we only grubbed you this evening to punish you for your impudence to one of our fellows."

"Bah! indeed," cried Jim; "when we've finished with you to-morrow, you'll go bahing home to your mammies. Why, if you are in your playground at half-past four to-morrow we'll come and drive you out of it."

Next morning the school was all astir.

The two boys had had the night to reflect, and felt they had done a foolish thing after all.

However, they at once reported their adventure to Tom Allen, the senior boy, who at recreation time called a council of war to discuss what he termed "the incursion of the barbarians."

"They won't dare to come," said Dick Stone.

"Won't they!" said Cecil. "I know that youth of old, and he is a resolute customer. He has no doubt found out that Mr. West goes off at four o'clock on Wednesdays, and you may depend on it at half-past four he'll be here with a good strong lot of roughs and toughs."

"Then let's all clear off sharp," put in Bully Holland. "I don't believe in fighting such low fellows."

"You're afraid of your skin," sang out a youngster, rushing off to avoid the blow aimed at him.

"I won't turn tail," cried one of the smaller boys.

"Nor I, nor I," added several others.

"Quiet, you youngsters," said Allen, "I am just as much averse to taking any notice of these low fellows as Holland; but when they threaten to come and turn us out of our own playground we must put a stop to it at any cost, and teach them a lesson they won't forget. The honor and glory of the school is at stake: so I shall hoist our flag on Mount St. George at 4 15 and stay till 4 45. If no one comes by then I shall be off; but I'm not going to have our playground threatened by boy, man, or beast," he shouted in patriotically. "Who'll fight under St. George's banner?"

Not a boy remained passive. All responded to the call, for the mere mention of the flag sent a thrill through each.

Had they not hoisted the flag on their football matches? Had they not cheered on their comrades to victory again and again beneath that banner? Small fellows though they were, the heart of a true man beat beneath each jacket.

"Well, that's settled," said Tom with a smile. "Let's count our forces. Twenty-four all told. Now to form our plan for defence. Where will they attack us, back or front?"

"Why, our biggest playground is in front, and easier to get at," said Dick; "and we had better concentrate our forces there."

"Ah! but suppose," said Cecil, "they take us in the rear? We ought to have some in the back playground to protect us there as well."

"I think," said Tom Allen, "we'll fasten the side door and have all our forces in front."

So it was decided, and though the side door could not be securely fastened, it was blocked up with snow as securely as possible.

Shortly after four Mr. West, having dismissed the school, departed for the evening, and a few minutes later the boys were busy preparing "shot and shell" with which to resist the invaders.

Half-past four and not a sign of the intruders.

"Ah!" laughed Holland, "they've thought better of it, the cowards."

"I'm not so clear about that," said Dick Stone, "you wait a bit."

Sure enough, a few seconds after, came a volley of snowballs, no one knew whence; but a moment later it was perceived that a dozen or more sturdy youths had crawled along unperceived, and were stationed behind the wall, in what were practically entrenched positions, the wall being about breast-high.

"What a set we are," cried Allen, "to let them get in such a position! However, I'll go with half a dozen and try and dislodge them; whilst you, Cecil, directly we are engaged outside, mount the wall and steadily pelt them. To you, Dick, I commit the care of the flag. You, Holland, are big enough to tackle anyone who tries to seize our ensign."

Proudly waved the flag on a snow-heap in the rear of the playground, near the barricaded door, with ten resolute boys to defend it. Six went with Allen, and eight were to ascend the wall.

Thick and fast flew the snowballs in all directions. Ah! Tom and his braves are getting the best of the contest, the roughs have had enough of it. See, they are giving way! Cecil and his followers are upon them. They run!

A wild hurrah rose from the triumphant boys, and Holland, in the excitement of the moment, rushed forward with some of the other boys to pelt the discomfited enemy.

"You're sneaking off, Cecil, you coward!" cried Holland angrily, pelting him and another boy crawling over the wall.

"You mind your own business; look to the flag," cried Cecil indignantly.

Whilst they are all engaged in enjoying the sight of the retreating enemy along the front of the school, the side door is suddenly burst open and eight or ten of the enemy rush in and make for the flag.

"The flag! the flag!" shouted Dick, throwing himself on the biggest of the invaders.

"The flag! the flag! shouted Holland, going warily and with judicious caution towards the scene of action, and looking round for support, as the roughs had thrown Dick to the ground and looked dangerous. But receiving two snowballs in the face, he retreated towards the gate, still calling, "The flag is in danger."

In a couple of seconds the boys were upon the invaders. But, alas! the flag was gone, and the enemy, standing shoulder to shoulder in the gateway, resisted all attempts to get past them.

"The flag is gone, and by this time torn to pieces," they cried, knowing that there had been plenty of time for it to be carried away.

But there is a contest going on at the other end of the passage, and Cecil's voice rings out clear and high—

"Tom, bring round half a dozen to the back, and we'll beat them yet."

A cry of delight burst from the boys, and their hopes revived. Darting out at the front gate, half a dozen boys climbed over the wall to find Cecil had wheeled the big dog-kennel to the back end of the passage, and blocked it up, whilst with two or three others he was battling against the superior forces of the enemy, like a lion at bay.

The battle was won! The roughs, finding their retreat cut off and between two fires, begged to be allowed to go, and promised to be no more trouble, and Tom Allen, overjoyed to save the flag, readily granted their request.

But Cecil had fallen to the ground. They picked him up and carried him indoors to the housekeeper, who soon brought him round with a spoonful of brandy.

"And" said one of the boys who had fought beside him, "you don't know what a rough time Cecil had. Why, there were two great fellows pounding away at him, but he seized the flag, and they could not tear it from him. "I'm sorry to say," he whispered, "that in the excitement of the moment I caught up the rake and got it entangled in one of the fellows' heads. I pulled and pulled to get it clear, and didn't he just yell! Then when I thought all was over with us, and that they would pretty well kill Cecil and me, we heard Allen come on, and knew it was all right."

Next morning everyone turned up but Holland, who, it was rumored, was indisposed.

Cecil looked pale, but happy; for hadn't the intrepid Tom told him before them all that by his pluck and foresight he had saved the flag?

LIFE'S CHANCES.—What are the chances of life? The life insurance men and the mortality tables answer the question with reasonable accuracy.

We have on earth about 1,500,000,000 people, the males and females being about equally divided. Of them one-fourth die before they reach the age of seventeen. The average length of life is about 33.

One person in 1000 lives to be 100 years old; 6 in 100 reaches the age of 95, and not more 1 in 500 lives to see 80. Every year 33,063,033 persons die; 91,824 die every day, 3730 every hour, 60 every minute, and 1 every second. Each tick of the clock should remind us that a human life is then ended.

In addition to these facts there are others of equal interest. A married person lives longer than one that is single, and tall men live longer than short ones. Before the age of 50 women have more chance of life than men, and fewer chances after that age.

With these points before him the young man who has sworn off and resolved to capture his share of the world's good things this year will have something to think about.

There are many chances that he will see this year go out, and there are also many chances that he will go out first.

His very determination to join in the rush is against him.

Haste, worry and disappointment are filling our asylums and graveyards.

The contented worker, whose ambition is moderate and whose habits neither injure him or anybody else, has a better chance of reaching old age than his competitor who wants the earth.

Tick! goes the clock. One man dead! Who will be the next? Perhaps the man who heard the clock!

HOW THE WATCH WAS FOUND.

BY L. F.

"WELL, then Dot, you must hold my wool for me first, and then I'll take you to the rocks," said Ruth White to the wee mite Dot.

Ruth had to take charge of Dot for an hour or two whilst their aunt, Miss Moore, went to the next town to see a friend of hers who was ill.

It was a warm day, and the two girls were in a small field near the house. Ruth had brought out a large book for not to look at, and Scamp, the dog for her to play with, and she had with her a skein of wool to make some socks for Dot.

Dot was such a pet. I'm sure you would have thought so too if you had seen her as she stood there with the wool round her small fat hands, whilst the sun which shone on her soft fair hair made it look like gold.

"I so glad that's done," she said as Ruth wound up the last strand of wool on the ball; "do get my 'pade for me Ruth dear."

"Oh, you come and fetch it," said Ruth. "You must have your hat on, and I must get mine, and wake Scamp. He can come with us."

Scamp was woke up by a hug and a squeeze, and a kiss Dot gave him, and glad he was when he knew he was to go out for a walk.

Now the place where Ruth and Dot dwelt was not a seaside one, but there were fine large rocks near their house, and a lot of sand all around them, so white and smooth, it was just like sand you find on the sea shore, and it was great fun for Dot to take her spade and pail, and dig in it just as if she were on a real beach by the sea.

Some of the rocks had such strange shapes. One of them was just like a toad, but so large it was as big as a house, and it had a small fence all round it.

Ruth's aunt told her once how all this land had, in years gone by been a large lake, but how that great toad had grown out of the rocks she could not tell. Some thought it must have been hewn into its shape, and some though it had just been worn down by the wind and rain, and so it had got this form. It was near this rock that Ruth went to sit down that day.

What Dot did first of all was to dig up the sand and hide Scamp in it.

This kind of game went on for some time; at last Ruth put down her work, and went to play with Dot, and a good romp they had all round the rocks, and lots of fairs had Dot, and lots of laughs too, for the sand was so soft, none of the falls hurt her at all. The last one she had was through a stone.

When Ruth went to pick her up she saw a bright chain in the sand; it was of gold with a gold watch at the end of it.

"Oh, Dot, see this nice watch; it's just like——"

But Ruth's words were cut short, for a queer man came up just then and put out his hands, and took the watch and chain from Ruth.

"Oh, that's my watch," he said. "I have just lost it, and came here to look for it. Thank you, miss; I am glad you found it;" and then went on as quick as he could, and as he did so he said in a low voice:

"Twenty dollars is twenty dollars, and those young ones don't want it as I do," and he made his way down the road to Miss Moore's house.

He came and went so fast, Ruth had no time to think what to say to him, but now she thought it would be best to go home and tell this strange tale to her aunt; but she said to Dot—

"I hope that man did not go our way."

But just as they got near their house they met him, and they saw he had come out of their gate.

In spite of Ruth's fears he did not stop to say a word to them, but went on his way as fast as he could.

"Oh, Miss Ruth, what a long time you have been out!" said Green, the maid, as met the two girls on the stairs. "If you had been at home you might have gone and found your aunt's watch, and she has just been and paid for it."

"What do you mean, Green?" said Ruth.

"Well your aunt lost it on the way to the town, and she said she would give twenty dollars to get it back, and it was found in half an hour time down by the rocks; a man just brought it here and got the money."

"Oh dear," said Ruth, "what a shame! I found the watch, and just as I had done so a man came up and took it out of my hands. I thought at the time it was like aunt's best watch, but I had not time to say a word."

Yes, it was a sharp deed. The man had heard in the town of the loss of the watch, and where it was thought to have been lost, and went to the rocks to look for it. He got there just in time to see Ruth pick it up, and then took it from her at once, so as to get the twenty dollars; then he took great care to get out of the town at once that he could not be found, and Miss Moore did not, as she would have been glad to do, get back her cash.

She had paid it to him though, in the shape of a bank note, and by this means she had a clue as to what he did with it.

It seems that in two days he set sail for Europe, and this note he gave to pay part of his fare there. Had he not left just then he might have been caught and put in jail, for it was thought he was one of a gang of thieves who went to rob a large house not far from Miss Moore's.

If this was so or not, no one could tell, for the ship in which he went was lost some miles off New York, and all on board went down.

WINGED SEEDS.

BY E. B. C.

I AM going to tell you a story about something which happened long, long ago, at the time when fairies made their home upon the earth, before the cracked voices of the factory bells and the choking smoke of big cities had frightened the little people away back to fairy land.

It chanced that one sweet spring morning, when all the flowers were thinking of opening their eyes after their winter's sleep, Flora, the fairy queen of the flowers, came wandering through a beautiful forest, lingering now and again to kiss the dew from each wild blossom that raised its tiny head to give her welcome as she passed.

On she went singing and happy-hearted, as a fairy-queen should be, till at length, weary and languid with the heat of the growing day, she laid herself down on a green bank at the foot of a grand old plane tree. Its strong branches spread lovingly over her; as if to guard her from harm, whilst its tender green buds just bursting forth gave promise of cool shelter in the coming summer time.

Peacefully the fairy sleeps on her couch of velvet moss, unconscious of approaching danger. Presently a slight quiver in the grass tells of something moving. Slowly and stealthily it comes nearer and nearer to the sleeper, and its persistent efforts to reach her are boteful of harm.

The grass rustles with all its might, as if it feels that it is its duty to wake the fairy, but in vain. The little flowers, too, tremble with fear for their beautiful queen, but they, alas! are powerless to rouse her. Softly the breezes kiss her cheek, but they are laden with the drowsy fragrance of spring, and the sleeper sleeps on.

Suddenly the brown head of a viper rears itself above the leaves around it, ready to strike with deadly fangs the beautiful foot of the fairy as it rests like a white blossom upon its mossy bed. But at this moment down on the head of the snake fell a big hard bud from one of the faithful plane tree's branches. Another and yet another followed, until it seemed as if the sky itself was peppering the astonished viper with small shot.

The startled creature forgot his victim; he must, he thought, have an enemy unseen and out of reach, and all the more to be feared on that account, never had he wished for legs, and plenty of them, as he did now, when he turned tail and scurried through the grass, followed as far as the branches of the plane tree stretched with the shower of pellets from above.

Meanwhile the fairy queen of the flowers had been less rudely aroused, she was also disturbed by the pattering of buds, but they fell much more lovingly on her, because the old plane tree took care to drop only the smallest and softest on its princess.

Hastily she sprang up, shaking her rainbow wings with astonishment, and wondering why she had been awakened from her dreams in so odd a manner; she guessed the reason when she caught sight of the end of the enemy's tail disappearing among the leaves.

Then, too, she understood how faithfully the old plane tree had defended her, and forgetting (for fairies do forget sometimes, just like mortals) her exalted rank in the fulness of her gratitude, she threw her arms round her deliverer, and kissed him with all her heart.

"For ever, my faithful friend," cried she, "your branches shall bear buds that will ripen into winged seeds, so that wheresoever they may fly and fall there will a sweet and green shoot rise from the earth, and growing tall and stately, even as you are, keep alive in the forest the memory of your fidelity to your queen."

Now, my little ones, remember that, like the winged seeds of the plane tree, kind words and loyal deeds have wings too. They fly far, and when at last their pennons fail them they take root, and blossom into fair pure lives, which, like the plane tree, will grow heavenwards by-and by.

THAT politeness which we put on in order to keep the assuming and presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves, that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions; try to use ordinary situations.

OUT OF BONDAGE.

BY MARY CROSS.

Oh, forests broad and spacious,
Where laugh the hidden rills,
Oh, sunbeams warm and gracious,
That crown the purple hills,

Oh, skies, I feel the gladness
My mirthful childhood knew,
Ere those brief days of madness
Had hid your sacred blue.

No more thy frowns can sadden
A heart too strong to break,
No more thy smiles can gladden,
From dreaming I awake.

Long to thee I was loyal,
Too much in patience bore,
But, king no longer royal,
Thy tyrant reign is o'er.

Be cold, be kind, be tender,
Each mood alike were vain.
I soar to freedom's splendor,
Disdaining thy disdain.

I, deem'd thy captive, leave thee,
Free as that bird above:
Farewell! who can believe thee,
Who will, seek for thy love!

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.

Horses are supposed to be able to see spirits, and exhibition by them of signs of terror when no cause of alarm is noticeable by human vision, is regarded in some localities as an omen of death.

The house at which they shy, it is said, must expect calamity, and if a horse neighs opposite any door the people living there will be visited by sickness.

In the west of Scotland it used to be held that if a horse stood and looked through a gateway or along a road where a bride or bridegroom lived, it was a bad omen for the future happiness of the intending couple.

In the olden time the neighing of a horse was a sure pledge of coming victory, and his silence was an indication of defeat. We find that so late as the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, the French augured badly for their success from the fact of their horses not having neighed the night before.

To find the shoe of a horse and hang it behind the door was thought to be the means of securing good luck to the household, and protecting it from witchcraft and from the influence of the evil eye.

The reason for this strange superstition, according to some, is that "Mars, the god of war and the war-horse, was thought to be an enemy to Saturn, who, according to a mediæval idea, was the liege lord of witches." This explanation must be taken for what it is worth.

The teeth of horses are believed by some to be a preservative against toothache, and a horse's hoof is often put under a child's pillow to avert convulsions.

With the superstitious the color of horses is of importance. To meet a piebald horse is lucky, and if you meet two in succession you have but to express any reasonable wish and it will be gratified within a few days! The Arabs are much influenced in their estimate of horses by what they consider lucky colors. "Prosperity," says their prophet Mahomet, "is with sorrel horses."

The dog, like the horse, is supposed to be able to see beings in the air, to us invisible. This is an old superstition. In the Odyssey the dogs of the swineherd Eumæus are described as terrified at the sight of Minerva: though at the time she was invisible to Telemachus.

The howling of a dog at night is held as indicating approaching death to those who may be ill in the neighborhood.

Some say this arises from the animal's keen scent, by which it detects the odor of approaching dissolution, but according to others the dog knows what is going forward because it sees spirits hovering round the house ready to bear away the soul of the departed.

Puss has long been held to have a close connection with the world of witches. Change of shape was one of the everyday occurrences of that uncanny realm, and a witch not seldom took the form of a cat. Black was the usual color, to correspond with the unhallowed business on which the witch was ordinarily engaged.

For this reason black cats often had a bad time of it. If a witch did not herself assume this form, she might be attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black cat.

In some of the more unfrequented districts of Scotland, the good folks are still very careful to shut up their cats on Hallowe'en, the 31st of October. And they say that those cats that have managed to escape incarceration that night may be seen by those brave enough to look, scampering over hill and dale, and across the lonely moors, each one ridden by a brownie, a bogie, a spunkie, or some other infernal jockey.

Everyone knows the rhyme about children: "Born in May die of decay." May-kittens, it seems, have also a streak of ill-fortune in their composition. In the West of England cats born during the months of May are despised as mousers, it being believed that instead of following their proper business of catching mice and rats they devote their attention to snakes and slow worms. Speaking of mousers, there is a curious superstition in Hungary, that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen.

Cats have a brilliant reputation as weather prophets. If a cat frisks about the house in an unusually lively manner she has a gale of wind in her tail, and storms may be looked for. If she washes her face with unusual diligence, especially with her paw behind her ears, it is going to be stormy. If she sits with her back to the fire you may expect in the winter frost and snow, in summer thunder and lightning with hail. She is also held to prognosticate illness. If a cat sneezes it is believed by some that the medicine chest may be produced, for all the family are sure to have colds.

It is held in some places to be very unlucky for a cat to die in the house, so when pussy is ailing she is placed in the coal-cellar or other out-house, with plenty of food, and kept there till she either gets better, or comes to an end of her proverbial nine lives.

In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St. Martha, there is a superstition that anyone who either wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years' unhappiness.

The cats' paradise, however, must have been ancient Egypt. They were held sacred to Isis, or the moon. Temples were raised, and sacrifices offered in their honor, and when, in the course of nature, they died, their bodies were embalmed. Amongst the modern Egyptians this exhibition of regard is not yet quite extinct, for in Cairo there is an endowment in operation for the lodging and feeding of homeless cats.

From cats to mice is an easy transition. A number of mice suddenly coming into a house is held to be an omen of death. The same is to be said of a mouse running over any person, or of one squeaking behind the bed of an invalid, or of a white mouse scampering across the room.

Grains of Gold.

The sick man sleeps when the debtor can not.

Do what must be done as gracefully as possible.

Idleness belongs more to the mind than to the body.

Though the speaker be a fool let the hearer be wise.

Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love.

Flatterers are the cleverest thought readers; they tell you exactly what you think.

The sphere of human duty is not there nor yonder; but there, just where you are.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

We are more sociable, and get on better with people, by the heart than by the intellect.

You lie nearest to the river of life when you bend to it. You cannot drink but as you stoop.

It is not from the nature, but from education and habits, that our wants are chiefly derived.

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees.

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess.

Every human creature is sensible to some infirmities of temper, which should be his duty to correct and subdue.

How much more people might accomplish if they would but make a point to carry out whatever they undertake.

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language.

Femininities.

A good deed or a kind word is never thrown away.

Squeeze not the orange too hard, lest you have a bitter juice.

"Silence is the severest criticism," but most wives don't seem to know it.

Two and three-fourths teacups, level, of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love.

A woman can't keep a secret, of course; yet when there is a secret history of any important transaction a woman is usually in it.

A Boston debating society is trying to decide whether it is correct to refer to an unmarried woman physician as "Miss Dr. Smith."

The mayor of Brunswick, Ga., sentenced four women convicted of keeping immoral houses to serve 30 days on the street chain gang.

In the career of female fame there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or a happy mother.

Repentance is a commodity always in the market. The purchaser names the price for it: lucky for her if she doesn't name the price too high.

Parisian women who wish to be regarded as ladies do not carry Directoire canes. They would be called eccentric here if they were seen with them.

Respect your husband's relatives, especially his mother; she is none the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before you did.

The Ladies' Employment Society of Syracuse, N. Y., has adopted a peculiar policy. Its members refuse to buy goods that are made by underpaid labor.

He: "The paper says that a crematory is going to be established here." She: "Oh, I am so glad of that! Perhaps it will bring down the price of butter."

A quaint card receiver in ivory antique ware is in the form of a palm leaf, on the stem of which is seated a night-capped pilgrim with a snail crawling over his shoulder.

Queen Victoria never drinks more than two glasses of either champagne or claret, usually the former, and after dinner her Majesty frequently takes a small glass of Tokay.

Women's work is always badly remunerated, but it is well to realize to what a degree. A lover of statistics has calculated that 19,800 stitches are required for a hand-sewn shirt.

Mrs. Bloodgood: "It seems that Easter Sunday will be 20 days later this year than it was last year." Mrs. Parvenu: "Oh, dear! Twenty days longer to wait for my new bonnet."

Of three women living in one house in Walker county, Ga., there are two wives, two mothers-in-law, two daughters-in-law, three mothers, two grandmothers, and one great-grandmother.

There are over 1,000,000 girls in England who are not likely to get married. In order to remedy this state of things, I would suggest, writes Henry Labouchere, that girls should be allowed to propose.

In a shoe store. Mrs. Bascom: "Young man, I want to git a good pair of shoes." Clerk: "Yes'm; what size, please?" Mrs. B.: "Well, I kin wear fours, but I guess you might try me this time on sixes and a half."

Mrs. Gabb: "What sort of folks are those new neighbors of yours?" Mrs. Gadd: "Well, I've been watching their back yard for two weeks, but as they send their wash to a laundry I can't tell anything about them."

Mrs. Gushington: "Why, Julia, what makes you look so downhearted?" Julia: "My servant has left me, and my poor old mother, who is just barely recovered from an attack of rheumatism, is compelled to do all the housework."

A Benton, Mo., man, whose wife possesses somnambulism among her defects, was led a lively chase a few nights ago. His wife rose and ran half a mile to a neighbor's house, and, although he did his best to overtake her, she arrived there first.

To carry watches has become very fashionable, writes Mrs. Crawford from Paris, and one carries them where fancy dictates, namely, mounted in the corner of one's card case or portemonnaie, or in bracelets, or on the knobs of parasols or umbrellas. Watch chatelaines are revived.

A wife's thoughtfulness. Mrs. Bjones: "I suppose that new grand piano was Mr. Ferguson's present to you? You must be very proud of it." Mrs. Ferguson: "Yes, it was very nice of him—but, oh, Edmund, you must show Mrs. Bjones that lovely silk handkerchief which I gave you!"

South Carolina is the easiest State in the Union to get married in. All a couple desiring to get united have to do is to ask a preacher or a trial Justice to tie the knot, or if there be great haste they can join hands in the presence of two witnesses, say they are married, and the bond of union is legal.

There is to be no dancing at the Prussian Court this season. The only palace festivities will be two State concerts, at which ladies are to appear in black, white, gray or mauve. The Empress has issued an order that the immense court trains which have been worn at all State functions during the last few years are to be discontinued.

George—"That is a beautiful piece, Laura, and you have played it most soulfully. But what is that rumbling noise I have been hearing nearly all the time since I came in?" Laura—"It must be the wind. Excuse me a moment. (Goes into the kitchen). Mother, can't you take that wash-tub into the back basement? It doesn't chord with the piano."

The Princess Amelia of Bavaria, who went out of her mind one night recently in the Royal box at the Munich Opera House, is likely to end her days in a madhouse. The Duchess is a little mercurial woman, with a shriveled skin, and could never have been at all pretty. She wanted to throw chairs down into the pit of the Opera House, and when she was prevented, flew into a violent passion.

Masculinities.

He who makes a fool of himself, will find many to help him.

Seek out something to love, and you will find less to hate.

We all hold a candle for the devil at some time in our lives.

We each wear out at least one pair of fool's shoes, if not more.

They who have little butter must be content to spread thin their bread.

Jay: "Does your wife study Browning?" Day: "No, she studies burning."

The richest man, whatever his lot, is he who's content with what he has got.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.

They are the weakest minded and the hardest-hearted men who most love change.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but hard luck pumps a deal of it out.

She: "Isn't Mr. Ruthboy generous to a fault?" Her: "Yes, to several of them—if you mean his own."

"Is marriage a failure?" is a question which no man with a latch key should be permitted to answer.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your children's inherited characters, and be patient with them.

The London newspapers are still editorially discussing the American girl. It seems to be a difficult matter to drop, when it has once been taken up.

Nothing takes the conceit out of an adoring young man like a pretty girl; and nothing inspires conceit in a pretty girl so much as an adoring young man.

Mrs. Wilcox says that a wife should lend herself to the ever varying needs of her husband. Of course she should, especially when he needs a good raking over.

Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man aims to appear, than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not.

The land of marriage has this peculiarity, that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it, while its natural inhabitants would willingly be banished from thence.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most; but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.

A great deal of building work is now being done in London by gaslight. It is said that the cost is just double that of day working, barring the light, which is extra.

Office boy: "Mr. Brown outside, sir; he wants to see the junior partner." Junior partner: "Not in; I owe him $30." Senior partner: "Show him in; he owes me $40."

For an artist to marry his model is as fatal as for a gourmet to marry his cook—the one gets no sittings and the other gets no dinners—is a note of warning to all whom it may concern.

Even kings must die and millionaires have their troubles. The man who sits on a throne, or even one who is possessed of ten million dollars, cannot keep his trousers from bagging at the knees.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Fond husband: "Good-bye, love! In case I am really prevented from coming home to dinner, I will send you a telegram." She: "You need not trouble to send it, my love; I have already taken it out of your coat pocket."

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation. All others grow flat and insipid on frequent use; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities, in the declension of his age he knows not what to do with himself if he cannot think.

Misdirected charity. She: "Mamma has given $15,000 to establish an old men's home. Isn't that nice, Charley?" He, yearningly: "Very nice; but not half so nice as if she would give that much to establish a young man's home, Fannie."

The women of Bridgeton, N. J., are taking advantage of the prevailing "White Cap" craze in a peculiar way. A case is reported where one of them wrote her husband a letter in order to keep him in at nights. It proved effectual.

Octogenarian, but hale and hearty suitor: "I love you, Miss Amy: will you be my bride?" Miss Amy: "But you are 80, if you're a day." "With you, Miss Amy, I will only be four young men of 20." "Oh, how nice!" She names the day.

At the Wagner musicale. Absent-minded base ball player, as a crashing chord nearly lifts him off his seat: "Good play!" And then, catching an interrogative glance from Mrs. Quarter-rest, he adds: "I—I—beg your pardon! What is the score?"

Writing poetry must be healthy. We find that Rogers lived to be 92, Sophocles 90, Calderon 87, Juvenal 86, Anacreon 85, Voltaire 84, Metastasio 84, Euripides 78, Goethe 83, Klopstock 79, Wieland 80, Lamartine 78, Beranger 77, and Victor Hugo 83.

There are some men who cannot comprehend that very frequently in life the game is not worth the candle. Ben Jackson, of Texas, is one of them. "That makes the tenth match you have struck. What are you looking for?" asked his room-mate one evening, as Ben was striking a match and looking under the table. "I dropped a match and I am trying to find it," replied Ben.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Self, What Is It?" by J. S. Malone, is a rather deep and compact treatise on the various metaphysical questions centering in Self. We hardly think the author has satisfactorily answered his own question, though perhaps he has done as well as the theme permits. Published by T. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

"The Story of Realmah," by the well-known English writer, Sir Arthur Helps, is a fanciful sort of novel, pretending to treat of the affairs—love included—of the prehistoric Lake Dwellers. It is pleasant reading, quaint and original in its ideas and not without lessons and truths as useful to-day as they may have been then. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. Sold by Porter & Coates.

"Animal Matter: Its Cycle of Growth and Decline in Human Organisms," by C. A. Stephens, is a particularly clear exposition of the author's views concerning the origin and continuance of life. It is related to the most advanced scientific thought of the day, but has the very noticeable merit of being written to be read by all, scientific and unscientific alike. Published by the Laboratory Co., Norway Lake, Maine.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Magazine for February has for its frontispiece a beautiful copy in a terracotta tint of "A Girl's Face," after Greuze. The serial, "Mr. Trench, of Brasenose," is continued, and is followed by "How to be Happy, Though Married." "Seeing, Reading Thinking," is the title of a fine paper, and the matter discussed is the relative value of these three things as sources of education. "Physical Training for Girls," is the title of an article which illustrates its point with some spirited drawings. "Marie's Bridegroom" is a short story in two chapters, which precedes "How Children Come to Speak." All lovers of music will be interested in the paper called "Who Reared the Symphony?" The "Family Doctor's" monthly budget is full of good advice. "An Unsensational Ghost Story" follows, then comes "A Leaf out of a Young Mother's Journal." Stories, long and short, poetry, music, descriptive articles, fashion letters, papers on furnishing, and the "Gatherer," go to make up a rich and full number. Cassell & Co., New York.

With its issue of January the *Magazine of American History* opens its twenty-first volume. The leading article is by the editor, and is an interesting account of the West end of New York City, with a graphic narrative of the events there which made that part of the city historic, under the title of "Historic Homes and Landmarks;" it is richly illustrated from recent photographs. The frontispiece, which is in connection with this article, is a portrait of General Nathaniel Greene. Among the other articles are: "Winters in Quebec," by Dr. Prosper Bender; "The Mecklenburg Declaration;" the conclusion of Col. Wm. L. Stone's diary of "A Trip from New York to Niagara"; a most interesting and valuable paper on "Revolution in Spanish America," by Hon. Wm. L. Scruggs; an article on "The First Theatre in America," by Dr. George H. Moore; one on "Slavery in New Hampshire," by Isaac W. Hammond, of the New Hampshire Historical Society. There are poems, and short articles, by Hon. Charles Johnson McCurdy, Hon. Charles S. Hall; John Schuyler, and Theodore Stanton, and the usual editorial departments are everywhere interesting as well as seasonable. Published at 747 Broadway, New York.

IN BLACK.—Just a little startling to old-fashioned ideas of bridal outfits is the modern idea of black underwear. Black hosiery and petticoats are a fixture; night robes, chemise and drawers soon will be. Forming a part of a unique bridal set made in one of the large cities for an expectant bride are some of these sombre-hued garments. The black night-robe is of China silk, made Mother Hubbard. A short, shirred yoke is drawn up with orange ribbon, these to be removed at washing. A coat sleeve with a puff at the top, black lace frill at the neck and sleeves and bottom flounce, finished the novel garment.

These black night robes are startling, but they grow on one. They are well adapted for traveling, for sleeping cars and for possible accidents. They neither catch dust, wrinkle nor advertise their use. To be mashed up in that sort of garment would be no humiliation. The black night robe is a garment of destiny. The chemise to match is a low-cut, sleeveless thing, trimmed with black silk lace, through which runs orange ribbon. At the waist line runs a shirr, through it the orange ribbon to tie it down. The bottom of the chemise, finished with lace ruffles, makes the underskirt. The drawers are also of black, and the trimming curves upward on the outside seams, where the ribbons meet in little fluffy knots.

A LAWYER of Temple Court was looking over some papers his German client had brought, and every signature had a menace in it as it stood: "A. Schwindler." "Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some other way: write out your first name, or something? I don't want people to think you are a swindler." "Vell, vell, how much better you dink that looks?" and he wrote. "Adam Schwindler."

WHAT is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Poxoni's Powder.

CRIME IN CHINA.

THE Chinese possess no organized detective force, though the officials sometimes visit in disguise the scene of some notable crime for the purpose of making inquiries, and police spies are often locked up with remanded prisoners to try and worm out their secrets. The lower classes being intensely superstitious, the judicial investigation of crime usually takes place at night.

The judgment hall is a lofty building of wood, and bare of furniture save for the raised dais at the north end, where is seated the presiding magistrate, attended by his secretaries, clerks, and lictors. The only light comes from paper lanterns or cotton wicks in oil-cups. Silence prevails, the few spectators watching the proceedings standing like statues.

The accused dragged from the darkness and filth of a Chinese prison, is forced to kneel before the judgment-seat throughout the trial. Weakened by ill treatment and appalled by his own superstitious imaginings, he often only requires a little judicious terrorizing to elicit a full confession of his guilt.

If he prove obdurate, witnesses are called. From these no oath or affirmation is demanded; the breaking of a saucer and other forms for administering an oath to a Chinaman laid down in our law-books being quite unknown in Chinese courts.

Any hesitation or refusal to answer the magistrate's questions—for he is the judge, jury and crown prosecutor all in one, and no counsel for the defence is allowed—is punished by slaps on the cheek or the application of bamboo on the thighs; and similar penalties more severely administered always check the giving of false testimony.

Should the prisoner, in face of strong evidence, persist in denying his guilt, various persuasive measures are resorted to, such as forcing him to kneel on chains, hanging him up by the thumbs, or suspending him by the neck in a wooden frame so that his toes just touch the ground.

All such tortures are illegal; but a confession must be obtained somehow before sentence can be passed, for cases are many, and time for settling them short. Seldom can the stoutest rogue, or, alas! innocent man, hold out against such treatment continued throughout the night, and renewed, if necessary, again and again.

When two or more persons are equally suspected of theft or the like, the magistrates often show great ingenuity in detecting the guilty. In cross-examination they are peculiarly skilful in obtaining damaging admissions, their suave manner deceiving the accused as to the importance of the point they inquire about in so careless a manner.

Two instances of extra-judicial methods for ascertaining the culprit among many equally under suspicion deserve to be recorded for their cleverness.

Some balls of opium taken from a piratical junk taken by a revenue cruiser mysteriously disappeared while being transferred to the latter vessel. Opium is very precious in China, and a ball is easily split up and secreted in the wide sleeves and the voluminous waistband of a Chinese sailor.

The commander of the vessel was loath to institute a search of the ship and crew, knowing well the craftiness of his men, and that, even if found, it would be found in the bundle of some innocent man. He therefore resorted to a plan as simple as it was effective.

In his cabin was, as is usual, a shrine of the Goddess of Mercy and of the Chinese Neptune. Before these deities he instituted a solemn service, which prolonged until evening.

When night came he called them one by one into the dimly-lighted cabin.

Here each man had to make a solemn declaration of his innocence, kneeling before the images; and dipping his finger in the water, to smear his face all over, being warned that if he were guilty, the divinities would make his face appear streaked with black.

When the thief's turn came, he tried to outwit the gods by rubbing his finger on the bottom of the saucer; but to his horror, when he reached the light, his face was all over black marks, the wily commander having held the saucer over the lamp before commencing the experiment.

In another case where several servants were suspected of theft, each man was given a bamboo of the same length marked with his name, which had to be deposited in an urn before a small shrine in the outer prison where they were confined. The officer announced that the culprit's rod would grow, by the interposition of Providence, one inch during the night. The prisoners were then locked up, no watch being kept on the urn.

On the reassembling of the court, one rod was found to be an inch shorter than the rest, as the thief had, under the cover of darkness, endeavored to circumvent the supposed divine power by biting a bit off his rod.

Europeans living in China have tried this method, but not with much success, as the gonging and other discordant sounds which constitute the "music," effectually drive away sleep, that the neighboring foreigners insist on its being intermitted during the night, and so, say the Chinese, spoil the charm.

WHEN THE LIVER FAILS TO ACT, and you are bilious, and out of sorts, use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills to bring about a healthy action of the Liver, and remove all distressing symptoms.

MRS. POTTS' PRIZE.

Mrs. Potts has a bottle she prizes so highly
She gives it a place on her bric-a-brac shelf,
"Don't laugh at me for it, dear cousin Delilah,"
She said to me lately, "You'd prize it yourself
If you knew what a blessing that bottle has brought me—
The blessing of health." Then she went on to tell
How the magical draught it had held baffled sickness;
She thought she must die, and, behold, she was well!

It is not to be wondered at that a woman who suffered as she did for years with female weakness and functional derangements should regard this empty bottle as a friend. It had come to her at a time when despair had taken possession of her, filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the world-famed remedy for diseases peculiar to women. "It will do no good," she said. "Nothing will afford me relief." "Try it," her husband said. "It may do what the doctors have failed to do." She did try it and was cured by it, and out of gratitude she gives the bottle in which health came to her, a place among her treasures.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and delicate ailments, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee printed on its wrapper, and faithfully carried out by the proprietors for many years.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — SIZE OF PELLETS

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

THE HUMAN BODY.—The amount of respect which an orthodox Chinaman pays to the human body is extraordinary. You may threaten the fellow with death; he will remain almost indifferent. But if you threaten him with the loss of an ear or a finger joint, he will become intensely uneasy. The result is that a Chinaman will rarely submit to the amputation of a limb. Whenever he does submit to it, he invariably either preserves the limb and causes it to be buried with him, or eats it.

His conviction is that whatever is severed from the body should be returned to it. A distinguished hero of Chinese antiquity was wounded in battle by an arrow, which entered his eye.

In drawing out the arrow he also drew out the eye, whereupon he promptly—and, as the Chinese suppose, religiously—swallowed the latter, with the observation that his father's flesh and his mother's blood must not be wasted.

In distant imitation of his hero's piety, every Chinaman keeps the teeth which he sheds during the course of his life, and provides for their burial with him. The principle which prompts this conduct is not only a religious one.

It extends to the domain of medicine. Illness, according to Chinese physicians, is due to the lack of something. That lack may, as often as not, be supplied. In the case of a sick parent, it may be supplied by giving the patient broth made from flesh cut from the body of his child; and, incredible though it may seem, this practice is commonly pursued by the most fashionable of modern Chinese doctors.

Not long ago, an Imperial rescript formally commended the filial piety of a man who, when his mother was ill, cut off a piece of flesh from his arm, and with it made soup for her!

PARTING THE HAIR.—"On the right, if you please," said a customer to a tonsorial artist, who, brush and comb in hand, was about to part his hair on the left side of the head.

"All right, sir," remarked the knight of brush and comb; "I was going to part it on the other side from force of habit."

"How many people part the hair on the right side?"

"Should say less than one in twenty."

"And why do so many men part it on the left side?"

"Because," replied the artist, brushing back a stray lock, "they've been brought up to it from infancy. A mother facing her boy always holds the comb in her right hand, and it being easiest to comb the hair from left to right, she parts it on the left. The boy, when he grows up and is able to comb his own hair, finds the part on that side, and follows the line marked out by his mother. That's why the majority of men part on the left."

IN MEXICO.—In Mexico, a group of lads from seven to twelve, will meet and each boy will decorously lift his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the run and the laughter, the same as anywhere.

Boys there treat their elders with respect. For the old people are reserved the shadiest seats under the trees in the park. A Mexican boy or girl on entering a room walks round among the company, shaking hands with all, and on leaving the room does the same.

Urbanity is taught in the public schools as arithmetic is at home. There is no one jostled on the street; the best seat in the horse-car is promptly given up to the ladies, who never fail gracefully to acknowledge the favor. I have never seen a Mexican gentleman fail to give his seat to a woman, whether she was richly or poorly dressed.

PART of our good consists in the endeavor to do sorrows away, and in the power to sustain them when the endeavor fails.

Humorous.

* * *

In other years my visions day by day
Were fraught with finest fancies, such as throng
The wondrous pages of immortal song;
Through primrose paths of poesy I'd stray.

The throstle's note, the robin's roundelay,
Upon the ambient air, a-ling'ring long,
Stirred in me such rapture, deep and strong,
I could but bow to their enchanting sway.

But now, one thing alone inspires me—
Not song of birds, not flowers of sweet scent,
Not sinful passion, nor abiding love,
The dazzling sun, or moon's refulgency,
Not e'en a maiden's kind encouragement,
But just the symbols that you see above.

—U. N. Nons.

Small talk—Monosyllables.

A high-toned affair—A piccolo.

A drawn battle—A war picture.

A club house—The police court.

Disagreeable and impertinent — Ruin staring a person in the face.

No wonder the minutes fly so fast. They are making up time.

Rich relatives are like wine—they grow dearer with age.

What is the difference between a cowslip and a bull-rush?

The man of whom society makes a lion is never inclined to growl.

How many fingers belong to the man who "doubles" his fists?

Patti says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. Good night, gentlemen.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it has to be ground before it can be used.

"I cannot look back over the path I have trodden without giving me pain," as the man said who had two boils on his neck.

An article in an exchange is headed, "Beatling Bees." Good. There is no surer way to make a bee harmless than to beatle her.

"Our dear sister," said the Nebraska pastor, "has gone to a better land—that is, if there be any better land than can be found right here in the Missouri bottoms."

The meanest man up to date is Sniffkins. He sold Jones a half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front half.

An exchange says that it knows a grocer who is supposed to be the most honest man in the world. He chases the flies off the beam of his scales before he allows them to balance.

Scene: A lonely spot on a dark night. "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man? Besides this loaded revolver, I have nothing in the wide, wide world to call my own!"

Householder to tramp: "No, you can't have anything to eat here. Go away!" Tramp: "That's what they told me over the way. They said you had only one meal a week here. Sorry I troubled you. Ta-ta!"

Mrs. Thirdfloor: "You may play with your doll, Mabel, until I come back, but you must not make any racket." Mabel: "I won't make no racket, ma, but I don't know what the doll may do. Mustn't blame me."

"Detectives are no good," said Tommy, who was reading a newspaper. "Why not?" asked his father. "It says here there are a number of Congressmen at large. If the detectives were any good they would run 'em in."

Magistrate, to colored prisoner: "You are charged, sir, with beating your wife." Sambo: "Yes, sah, an' I'se proud of it, sah." Magistrate: "Proud of it! Why?" Prisoner: "Kase, sah, she weighs twenty pound's mo'n me."

Physician, arousing a tramp one morning from a nap on his doorstep. "Here, what is the matter with you? Can't you move more lively?" Tramp: "I'm feeling pretty bad, boss, and can't be expected to move in a hurry." "What's the matter?" "I've been at death's door all night."

"Then you think you really appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—es. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the base-drum solid a'l is clear to me."

The first chapter in a novel has the following: "And so the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell, with how much joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish?"

A Vermont man recently called on an undertaker to find out what it would cost to keep the body on ice till the funeral. When he had been told the price he said, "I suppose you'll give me a discount? My brother was caught in a blizzard and had his feet frozen before he died." And so he got 10 per cent. off from the undertaker.

"My friend," said the head waiter at the hotel, as he tapped significantly on the shoulder of a man who was making his exit from the dining-room. "I have dropped on to your little game: this is the ninth time you have eaten dinner here without paying." "Sir!" exclaimed the man, drawing himself up with offended dignity and looking the presumptuous official sternly in the eye, "it's the fifteenth!"

A shilling, a quarter, or 25 pennies will buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

We know whereof we speak when we say Salvation Oil destroys pain. Price 25 cents.

Nothing Uniform.—There is nothing like uniformity, it appears, in China. The currency, for example, is a decimal one; yet no one can tell, without inquiry, what number of brass coins makes a hundred in any particular place.

The number varies from thirty-three to ninety-one. Again, no two places have the same ounce weight, and in every place the number of ounces to the pound is consequently different.

In some places, too, the miles are short, while in others they are long. An uphill journey is reckoned so many miles; while the same journey, from the opposite direction, is reckoned considerably less. The sole standard is the degree of labor involved in getting over the ground.

Once again, so deep seated is the habit of reckoning by tens that it is very difficult to arrive at any one's precise age. Thus, for instance, a man becomes eighty years old as soon as he ceases to be seventy. Fortunately there are no druggists, in our sense of the word, in China.

If there were any they would be utterly incapable of understanding such an expression as, for example, seven grains. They would make seven into the round number ten; and then, in all likelihood, some one would be poisoned. For these reasons it is vain to expect anything like accuracy from even the most truthful of Celestials. He has absolutely no idea of such a thing.

A Queer Sect.—The Yezidees are a people of Asia. They will not serve in the Turkish army, because their religion forbids them to mingle with the hated Mussulmans, but escape by paying a good round commutation fee yearly.

The people are at the lowest stage of civilization. Under the influence of their conditions and of the prejudices of their neighbors against them, they have become a sinister, malicious, treacherous people. No one can feel safe among them. They attach no value to human life.

To these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them; for if any one inadvertently lets escape the word devil, Satan, or anything sounding like it, he commits a mortal offense; and to cut off his head is a God-pleasing act, and a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the fulfilment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

Several letters are in like manner wholly banished from the language, chiefly those which contain the sound of a "shun;" also the Arabic word nallet, "Thou art damned," which was spoken by God to the fallen angel when he pitched him into hell. Therefore all words containing similar sounds are set aside, and other combinations not belonging to any language are used in their stead.

Horseflesh as Food.—There is undoubtedly a widespread prejudice, especially among English-speaking people, against the eating of horseflesh for food; but the prejudice has no reasonable foundation and is by no means universal.

Nations of such widely different degrees of civilization as the French and the Tartars have long attested its merits and set the example of eating it.

A Tartar or Turcoman of Central Asia will not look at any other food if he can get horse, and the heartiness with which he consumes his favorite meat is borne witness to by travelers in descriptions which challenge credulity.

The methods of cookery in vogue among the Central Asian nomads would not, of course, commend themselves to Western appetites, nor is it claimed that Tartar taste is a standard for all nations to adopt. But the French have established the laws of cookery by which all civilized people are governed, and their practical endorsement of horseflesh as food carries weight.

How to Forget Sorrow.—A druggist recently received a visit from a lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed man, who asked in cadaverous tones if he could give him any remedy that would drive away a nightmare-like care that was preying upon his health. The man of drugs nodded, and compounded a mixture of quinine, worm-wood, rhubarb and epsom salts, with a dash of castor-oil, and offered it to the despairing patient, who apathetically gulped it down. History avers that for six months he could not think of anything except new things for getting the taste out of his mouth.

They were packing Mr. Billus' trunk for a journey. "There's just room in that corner for this Bible, John," said Mrs. Billus. "I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put the book regretfully aside, "but I can't conscientiously do it and leave that box of cigars, Maria. They would be a temptation to Tommy."

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York. "To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked. First tramp—"Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers."

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

RUPTURE.—I was ruptured 10 years. Under Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Phila., I got entirely cured. G. Leckel, 2231 Reese St., Phila.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,
CURED BY
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

Mr. W. H. Blyth—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. H. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN
PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails to give ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS McCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried." LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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Corded CORSET WAISTS
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THOUSANDS now in use by
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Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
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Buttons at front—instead of Clasps.
Children—.50 .70 .75
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Mailed free on receipt of price—Send for Circular and Price List.

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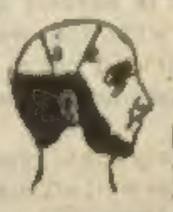

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Now that the change in modes is visible it is extremely marked; the draped skirts of a year back have entirely disappeared, and day by day the modes of the Directory, Consulate and the Empire are gaining among us.

We disliked them at first, but we have reconciled ourselves by degrees to the long redingotes with their large revers and pockets, the skimpy, perfectly plain skirts, the somewhat eccentric air of the whole toilet. What we cannot bring ourselves to is the high waist, and the various dodges to solve this problem are amusing.

Sashes swathed around the figure, so that the waist may be considered to be placed either above or below them; or very long waisted waistcoats worn under coats cut away almost under the armpits after the orthodox fashion of the beginning of the century, are among the favorite devices for avoiding the dread short waist, and yet giving the gown the true cachet of the era of fashion, whereof it apes.

In Paris, however, the true high waist is gaining ground, and if others will discover how becoming it is to lithe and shapely or slender fingers, we hope it will find its way across the ocean.

"But I fear, I fear" the tyranny of ladies' tailors, who know that with the introduction of the high waist their power is then gone, and the fitting of a bodice is a relatively simple matter; gone, too, is the tyranny of the corset maker, for it is beyond her power to compress a waist when that waist is placed at its natural point and not at or below that of the floating ribs where squeezing is easy.

Among the season's gowns is one of cream cloth, with the skirt draperies well arranged and embroidered in the corner with gold cord in a design of Louis XVI.

The bodice was uncommon, for the front of it was composed of a large cream silk handkerchief with gold embroidered corners which started from under the arms, knotted across the bust, and had the corners turned downwards. The rest of the bodice was of cloth, with gold on the cuffs and at the throat.

Another costume consisted of a long coat of fine-faced cloth of a delicate shade of gray, beautifully embroidered in the same colored silk and cord passementerie from the armholes to the edge of the skirt, with a petticoat of soft Sicilienne, bordered with blue fox fur, which harmonized perfectly.

A Directoire coat with black satin-faced cloth, with revers of pointed beaver, was adapted to a fawn kid waistcoat, embroidered in gold, and a skirt bordered with deep beaver.

A muff of cloth with a band of beaver up one side and a succession of ascending wide ribbon bows up the other, with a hat to correspond completed the costume. A salmon-pink waistcoat, embroidered in black, was also supplied.

An artistic evening gown was in deep crimson velvet, with revers of soft pale pink, open widely in front to show an underskirt of white satin Merveilleux, embroidered in gold. The velvet formed the back and sleeves, while the front of the bodice was full of white satin, partially veiled with gold embroidered tulle.

From under each arm the velvet came and graduated to a point at the waist, showing revers of pink, and giving an idea of the bodice being opened and turned back to show the lining.

A tea-gown of green-gray watered silk, striped with satin of a darker shade, bordered with gray marabout, opened to show a petticoat of pale pink in long straight folds: the straight open sleeves hung loose from shoulder to elbow, were intended to be worn thus, or with pink full undersleeves, gathered into a deep band below the elbow.

The bodice was V-shaped in front, but could be filled up with lace at the throat, and a wide scarf of dark green-gray satin, matching that on the moire, lined with pink, loosely knotted over in front, and apparently connected the two fronts of the bodice.

Another tea-gown, graceful in appearance, was in Surah silk of Chartreuse-green, over a petticoat of white silk muslin, falling on to a ruche of white silk.

The Surah gown hung far back, but the bodice in front, and from under the arms, was cut from a length of silk which reached to the edge of the skirt, so came over the hips, and the two ends, lined with pink, looped over each other, and fell down in front.

The fronts of the bodice was full, and there was gauging to some depth above and at the waist, and the surah sleeves fell the full length of the arm, but were open to show the under sleeves of white silk muslin.

Some handsome cloth gowns are made up with deeply embroidered skirt fronts in a contrasting color and Directoire coats.

The hair is now worn dressed decidedly lower. At the Opera, or for ball or evening dress, young women and girls wear the hair slightly frize in front and massed at the back, so as to cover the nape and fall in curls on the shoulders.

Gold and silver ribbons are worn, also small flowers mounted on two or three bands, which, however, scarcely show in the frizzed hair. The principal bunch of flowers is placed in the middle, resting on the hair which falls at the back.

To wear with the hat or bonnet at the theatre or concert the hair is massed at the back, but at the same time it does not fall into the neck, and some wear it in plaits on top of the head. But the helmet style is not yet discarded.

For the theatre little bonnets with flat crowns are worn, made of tulled pink crepe, with a narrow wreath of black lace or jet leaves. Pink is the general color for these occasions.

Low bodices for evening dress are cut in a variety of forms, some *en cœur*, open very low back and front, filled in with tulle, which is often fastened on the shoulder with a flower, bow or jewel.

Some are cut oval, the shoulders covered, but the front cut very low, almost to the armpits. Some square, and others in the classic style, which is the most dressy of all, because it is the most undressed, cut low and round, with only a strap on the shoulder.

With this style especially, fashionable women wear diamonds, either as a half wreath from the shoulder to the middle, as a badge in front, or arrows on a wide ribbon, sprays in the hair, etc.

Home and evening dresses are made with narrow skirts, very close fitting on the hips and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of casaque and Princess dresses gathered at the top, and without tournure or steels, except two small ones at the top, floating in long graceful folds at the back.

Tournures are only worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirts and then only small steels are used, so as not to be detected.

On many of the French bodices the silk lining is fitted with two very deep darts, while the bodice material is smoothly drawn over this foundation and is seamless. It fits, however, without a wrinkle, and to prevent even a suspicion of fulness, a whalebone is run diagonally across the lining, just across the waistline from the second dart, and carried to the underarm seam, where it is secured by a buttonhole stitch. Only the two ends are fastened, the casing not being sewed to the lining.

Odds and Ends.

MATTERS OF DECORATION.

In the far West, where women are certainly doing a great deal in various ways, a mutual improvement society has been started, which may, perhaps, find favor farther East, especially round the winter months, when friends gather round the friendly afternoon tea-table.

The movement goes by the name of "News classes," which meet twice in a week and discuss the principal topics of the day.

There is a teacher, a woman of considerable culture and talent, who takes a newspaper, selects matters of a domestic and foreign interest, and discusses and explains them in a bright pleasant way, eliciting, comments, opinions and questions from her party, who sit round her.

Thus in an easy manner women get acquainted with what is going on in the great world of art, research, business and politics, and in taking interest in them, educate and enlarge their minds.

As a rule, women do not know or care much about events outside their own little world, with its domestic cares and duties; but as there are exceptions to every rule, so there are in this, and we find women in hundreds nowadays bestirring themselves with untiring energy, working with hands and brains, competing in all branches of professional life with men, and winning their way against obstacles of all kinds, slowly and surely to excellency and success.

A domestic woman in a true sense of the word, can hardly be a public character, but she may be a cultured and intelligent woman, combining the cares and duties of her household with a knowledge of what is going on outside the limit of her natural sphere, able to manage her servants, and order her dinner, as well as to participate in the conversation and interest of her husband and sons; ready to sympathise, and able to advise; content to take the lower place, but worthy to be consulted.

Apropos of decoration, there is a new work which is likely to find great favor with amateurs, of which a specimen was to be seen lately in the shape of a grand piano case.

The work resembles the raised Japanning that was done by young ladies a half a century ago, and is not unlike Lincrusta or raised Japanese leather paper.

The design is considerably raised by means of a composition of plaster of Paris, cotton wool and glue, made into a paste, laid on while soft, and left to harden. The design may be according to the taste of the worker, but it should be bold. It may be silvered or gilded, with the background in some dark color, or it may all be done in colors.

The work is said to be easy and pleasant. It would be suitable for frames, backs of blotters and albums, panels of small cupboards, etc.

Lincrusta or Japanese leather papers of effective design are now used for covering drain pipes, for umbrellas and tall grass stands. There is sometimes a gilded wooden stand as a base, which adds to the general effect.

Large caldrons, gilded or painted, are now used as coal receptacles and placed at the side of the fire places. A pair of small tongues hang over the handle. Red and black is a popular mixture for the painting, half the handle being one color, and half another.

There are some curious wooden tubes for holding tall grasses and rushes, which have lately come into fashion, composed of three flat pieces of wood fastened together, forming three sides. These sides are painted different colors, and have tall flowers painted again, up them. They are in two or three sizes and are easily and inexpensively made.

Two other novelties in wood, for painting, are the crescents, of good size, with three little shelves or brackets fixed to them, the middle one being across the widest part of the crescent; also the butterflies, with a shelf on each outstretched wings for holding small knicknacks, and the body composed of the three-sided wooden tube, a minature edition of those described above. These are intended to be painted, either simply in one color, or fancifully with flying bats, birds, or sprays of flowers.

Wooden photograph frames, with one side wider than the other, have little shelves fixed to the wider side, like brackets, for holding a flower receptacle. These frames are often placed on small easels, and decorated for two different colored silken scarves (usually the cheap ones); orange and lemon colors, pale pink and bronze, light blue and dark brodsa being popular combinations.

Tripods, composed of thin lathes of wood, are largely sold now, for holding little fern and flower pots of quaint forms. These and the easels are in several sizes, and the latter beginning very cheaply.

Tamborines are still popular, and latest idea is to use them as calendars, neatly writing or painting the months and dates in perpendicular rows, with ornamental inital letters.

Another fancy is to use them in small sizes, painting some suitable device and inscribing some suitable words in fancy lettering. One or two tamborines have had flowers worked on them in colored silks, the needle passing through.

A collar box could be transformed in this way: The worked instruments are placed in satin ribbon straps, uprightly. These straps are sewn on to the lining before being glued or tacked to the box.

Some new coales have recently appeared with bamboo handles standing out of them at the top. The effect is more quaint than pretty.

Small satin satchels, in the form of bags, have a grotesque head rising out the opening, with a ribbon, tied in a smart bow, round the neck.

STRANGE DOGS.—*Dumb Animals* thinks that one of the best ways to avoid being bitten is not to meddle with strange dogs. Persons adverse to doing this are advised to proceed as follows in making canine acquaintances: "Put out your hand easily and confidently to the dog, so that he may smell it. Put it to his nose. If he sniffs at it and wags his tail, or otherwise shows friendliness, then you may speak to him and pat him on the head if you like, and perhaps use other familiarities. But, if when you offer your hand, the dog remains sullen and passive, the sooner you take your hand away the better. Never approach a strange dog with either timidity or menace."

PRIDE is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

Confidential Correspondents.

ROSA.—Dress is a matter of personal taste entirely.

H. D.—Girls can never be too cautious what they do.

L. E. D.—The work "kismet" is Arabic, meaning "fate."

H. H. S.—We do not know the plant by the name you give.

C. S. W.—You must settle such a silly matter for yourself.

SORROW.—You had better forget all about the young man; if he is so changeable, he is not worth thinking about.

E. S. D.—A patent costs $35; applications for patents must be made to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

HARRY.—You appear to know the meaning of the word "flirt" very well indeed; there is no occasion for us to give you any explanation of it.

D. C. E.—Before the war slave-holding States had a representation in Congress based upon three-fifths of the slaves added to the free population.

READER.—We should seriously advise you to leave your nose alone; any attempt to alter the shape of it will be sure to result in further disfigurement.

DAISY.—We cannot undertake to interpret the meaning of the picture on a valentine; yours would appear to have some allusion to a mouse which had escaped.

LOUISE.—The words are French. Nous verrons means, "We shall see;" a demain, to-morrow; apres, after; Apres cela, la deluge! means, "After that, the deluge!"

EXEQUATR.—When the jurors cannot agree in a civil action they are discharged, and there must be another trial. The rule in criminal prosecution varies in different States.

P. H. N.—Address M. Theodore Roustan, Minister of France to the United States, Washington, D. C. He will give you full particulars of the French World's Fair which opens next May.

MARY.—No young lady would ever tell a man she loved him; girls should wait to be wooed, and not put themselves forward. Men never think respectfully of women who threw themselves at them.

SAM SWEET.—The bullrush means indiscretion or docility; being dry does not alter the signification that we are aware of. A group of handsome dried bullrushes is a good ornament for a corner of a room.

ELIZA.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced to a stranger; but it is difficult to lay down an exact rule. You must be guided by circumstances. It is not ill-bred to do it, but in most cases it is superfluous.

REX.—Otto von Guericke constructed the first electric machine (a globe of sulphur) about 1647. Electric telegraphy was first devised in 1747. Humphrey Davy produced the first electric lights by means of carbon points in 1802.

MADGIE.—Sugar is a wholesome article of diet in itself; but it will do you no good eaten in the inordinate way that you describe. Perhaps you are very thin and desire to get fatter; sugar is very fattening, but you will very likely spoil your teeth in increasing your size.

T. F. A.—The lines:

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,"

were written by Thomas Gray, author of the celebrated "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and they occur in a poem On a Distant View of Eton College.

M. W.—1. We know nothing of the writer you speak of. 2. Yes; your poetry shows taste, but only such as thousands possess in common with you. Pursued as an amusement, it will bring you pleasure and improvement, but hardly anything more worldly or substantial. 3. No; unless by special arrangement.

OLD SUB.—The plow, cultivator—anciently the grubber—and the planter, of the present day are all the outcome of many improvements made both in Europe and America. While particular parts or modifications of each have been patented the main ideas have been of gradual growth and adoption. President Thomas Jefferson made an improved plow, and some of the greatest agriculturists of the past also tried their hand at it. Among those who tried at the betterment of the plow and cultivator and gave their inventions to the world are Finlayson, Rotherham, Kirkwood, Wilkie, Bailey, Small, Osborne and others.

ELECTION.—Fourteen States allow an alien to vote without having been naturalized, requiring only that he shall have declared his intentions. All of these States require him to have lived for a longer or shorter time in the State. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Missouri, Texas and Wisconsin require a residence of one year; Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and Oregon six months; Minnesota four months; Michigan three months. In Indiana an alien who has declared his intention and resided one year in the United States and six months in the State may vote.

WESTMONA.—The Rosicrucians first appeared in Germany in the fourteenth century, but their existence did not become publicly known until the seventeenth century. They derived their name from the Confessio Rosea (the Confession of the Rosy Cross) of John Valentine Andreae, or Andrea, a German scholar, born at Herrenberg, in the Duchy of Wurtemberg, in 1586. He studied at Tubingen, and became a minister of the Lutheran Church. He was a thorough mystic and dreamer. His mission was, he proclaimed, to purify all society. He is hardly the author of all the books attributed to him. In one of them, there is the story of the supposed founder of the sect, one Christian Rosenkranz, a German nobleman, who traveled long in the East, and returned to Germany to establish a secret society or fraternity. This society he placed in a building which he called Sancti Spiritus, where he died at the age of 106 years. There was always a secret attached to the Rosicrucians, which has been effectually kept to this day. Some say that the order of Rosicrucians is identical with that of Freemasons, one of whose degrees or dignities is called in some countries the degree of the Red Cross. Cagliostro pretended that he was a Rosicrucian.